

To Master R. M. & Langhlin
from his friend -

James Perryman Esq

J. P.

March 20th 1804 -

To the Hon. Secy of the Navy
Washington D.C.
Dear Sir
I have the honor to acknowledge
the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst.
and in reply to inform you that the same
has been forwarded to the proper authorities
for their consideration.
Very respectfully,
J. M. Smith

CRAYON SKETCHES.

BY AN AMATEUR.

Cox

EDITED BY THEODORE S. FAY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK:

CONNER AND COOKE, FRANKLIN BUILDINGS.

Press of G. P. Scott & Co.—Nassau Street.

1833.

PS 1449
C 585C.7

79574*

49 777
204

1977
1977

1
150
33
TO WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

IN early boyhood the charms of literature first broke upon me through the productions of your pen ; gratitude, therefore, as well as respect and admiration, induces me to dedicate to you the following compositions of one who also warmly appreciates the treasures which you have added to the English language.

Believe me, my dear sir,

Very gratefully and sincerely

Your ob't servant,

THEODORE S. FAY.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 10, 1833.

P R E F A C E.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE following essays and sketches originally appeared in the New-York Mirror, under the signature of C. In collecting them for publication, in the present form, the editor, if he may assume so dignified an appellation, is actuated by two motives : first, a desire to do justice to the abilities of a valued and long absent friend, whose reluctant consent has been yielded only to repeated solicitations ; and, second, to furnish for the public a book marked by humor and originality of thought, and an agreeable companion for a dull hour.

The editor does not rely solely on his own estimation of their excellence, although

he thinks the author, what some critic less appropriately called Milton, “a very good writer—*very!*” Many of the articles have been extensively copied, and one in particular, after a tour through Great Britain, was, with a slight alteration of the title, transplanted into an American paper as a rare foreigner, and in that capacity gained a good deal of extra attention; just as a townsman, dwelling all his life in the midst of us, dependent only upon good sense and virtue, may languish in obscurity, but, after a few years abroad, finds an Italian air and a pair of moustaches, a passport to the tables of the wealthy and great. The “Man of the Fly-market Ferry,” “Passages in the Life of an Unfortunate,” “The Epicurean,” the “Biography of Jacob Hays,” “Oysters,” &c., are curious and amusing specimens of literary caricatures, completely and justly turning into ridicule a style of writing bombastically about nothing, too popular and

common, especially among contributors to periodicals. They have been highly commended as satires, at once forcibly and felicitously drawn.

Another kind of essay will be found in the succeeding pages, which attract attention, and surprise one into merriment, by the novel views taken of hacknied subjects, and the sly pleasantry with which they advocate the wrong side of the question. Among them are the defence of "Idle People," the raillery against "Early Rising," and the address to the "Marriageable Ladies of the United States." No intelligent reader will believe that the author intends, in the last, seriously to discountenance temperance societies, which have certainly been productive of great benefits to the nation. It is a mere exhibition of the irony and talent for burlesquing, in which he is very successful.

No apology is deemed necessary for in-

roducing the theatrical portraits, which appear in the second volume. Although they are of a transitory nature, most of the subjects are yet before the public; and, belonging to a profession, the members of which are known by their talents to large classes of people, and generally called to mind with pleasurable associations—descriptions of them, like their pictures, are recognized with interest. Little need be said of them by the editor, except that the sketch of Fanny Kemble does no justice to her present improved talents and brilliant eminence, and that the badinage directed against Mr. Richings (who is, seriously, an excellent and useful actor) must be regarded as intended good-naturedly, and as merely the offspring of a merry mood. Mrs. Sharpe too has improved, in many respects, since our artist pencilled her features so rapidly.

There are several local allusions, and hits

at passing events, which might have been expunged; but the author not being in the country, the editor was unwilling to alter the text, and it is hoped that the fact of the pieces' having been originally composed for a periodical, will be received as a sufficient explanation. If discrepancies, deficiencies, or tautologies be discovered, it will be recollected that the essays are not deliberately prepared, revised and corrected by the author, and put forth by him as specimens of his abilities; but that they are mere unpremeditated effusions, struck out in the heat of the moment, intended but for a careless, passing glance, and then to be thrown aside and forgotten. They were hastily furnished for the Mirror, at the solicitation of George P. Morris, Esq. a gentleman to whose discriminating zeal in the cause of American periodical literature they owe their existence. The editor trusts that, on this occasion, criticism will not be incon-

siderately severe, but, instead of coldly repressing the talent here displayed, that it will encourage the youthful writer to more elaborate efforts.

CONTENTS OF VOL I.

	PAGE.
Traveling,—mentally and bodily, ...	13
Debating Societies, ...	24
Respectability, ...	34
A few of the inconveniences of seeing Shakspeare acted,....	41
Money, ...	55
An humble Address to the Marriageable Ladies of the U. S.	64
Bulwer and Scott, ...	77
A Walk in Broadway, ...	96
Steam, ...	106
Biography of Jacob Hays, ...	118
Love of Change—House Hunting, ...	126
Hypocondriacism, ...	136
Idle People, ...	145
Prize Tragedies, ...	154
Oysters, ...	161
Passages in the Life of an Unfortunate, ...	169
Spring, ...	183
Philadelphia, New-York and Boston, ...	190
Old Songs, ...	200
Morality, Horse-racing, ...	214
Eating, ...	221
Albums, ...	228
Contentment, ...	237

ERRATA.

- Page 56 11th line from bottom—for “am content,” *read* is content.
65 6th line from bottom—for “has all hilarity,” *read* have, &c.
75 12th and 13th lines from bottom—*read* “feast of reason and the
flow of soul.”
167 2d line 2d verse—for “might draw,” *read* might’st draw.
167 3d line same verse—for “was torn,” *read* wast torn.
222 20th line from bottom—for “comes,” *read* come.
237 7th line from top—for “indifferent,” *read* being indifferent.

TRAVELING. MENTALLY AND BODILY.

It is a wholesome thing to be what is commonly termed "kicked about the world." Not literally "kicked"—not forcibly propelled by innumerable feet from village to village, from town to town, or from country to country, which can be neither wholesome nor agreeable; but knocked about, tossed about, irregularly jostled over the principal portions of the two hemispheres; sleeping hard and soft, living well when you can, and learning to take what is barely edible and potable ungrudgingly when there is no help for it. Certes, the departure from home and old usages is any thing but pleasant, especially at the outset. It is a sort of secondary "weaning" which the juvenile has to undergo; but like the first process, he is all the healthier and hardier when it is over. In this way, it is a wholesome thing to be tossed about the world. To form odd acquaintance in ships, on the decks of steam boats and tops of coaches; to pick up tem-

porary companions on turnpikes or by hedge-sides ; to see humanity in the rough, and learn what stuff life is made of in different places ; to mark the shades and points of distinction in men, manners, customs, cookery, and other important matters as you stroll along. What an universal toleration it begets ! How it improves and enlarges a man's physical and intellectual tastes and capacities ! How diminutively local and ridiculously lilliputian seem his former experiences ! He is now no longer bigotted to a doctrine or a dish, but can fall in with one, or eat of the other, however strange and foreign, with a facility that is truly comfortable and commendable : always, indeed, excepting, such doctrines as affect the feelings and sentiments, which he should ever keep "garner'd up" in his "heart of hearts ;" and also, always excepting the swallowing of certain substances, so very peculiar in themselves, and so strictly national, that the undisciplined palate of the foreigner instinctively and utterly rejects them, such as the frog of your Frenchman—the garlic of your Spaniard—the compounds termed sausages of your Cockney—the haggis of your Scotchman—the train-oil of your Russian.

He has but little of the ardent spirit of boyhood, or the mounting spirit of manhood in him, who can quietly seat himself by his father's hearth, dear

though it be, until that hearth, by virtue of inheritance becomes his own, without a wish to see how the world wags beyond the walls of his native town. How mulish and uncompromising he groweth up! How very indocile and incredulous he becometh! To him localities are truths—right is wrong and wrong is right, just as they fall in with or differ from the customs of his district; and all that is rare or curious or strange or wonderful or different from what he has been accustomed to, is measured by the petty standard of his own experience, and dogmatically censured or praised accordingly. Such men are incurable, and what is worse, legal nuisances—they can neither be abated by law nor logic.

I like human nature of quite a different pattern. A boy, especially, is all the better for a strong infusion of credulity in his composition. He should swallow an hyperbole unhesitatingly, and digest it without difficulty. It is better for a juvenile to be ingenuous than ingenious. It is better for him to study Baron Munchausen than Poor Richard's Maxims. The Baron's inventions fertilize his imagination without injuring his love of truth; Poor Richard's truisms teach him nothing but that cold worldly wisdom he is almost sure to learn, and learn too soon. Strong drink is not for babes and

sucklings ; neither is miserly, hard-hearted proverbs —“a penny saved is a penny earned”—“a groat a day is a pound a year,” and such like arithmetical wisdom. Keep it from them : it takes the edge off their young sensibilities, and sets them calculating their charities. They will learn selfishness soon enough without taking regular lessons. The good Samaritan, honest man, cared not a fig-leaf for such axioms, or he too would have “passed by on the other side.”

Not that I mean to question the utility of arithmetical studies for children, or inculcate the neglect of worthy proficientes or professors therein. Hutton, Tinwell, Bonnycastle, or more ancient Cocker ;—far from it, I have too severely ere now experienced the ill-effects of slighting the multiplication table and other loftier branches of arithmetic ; but I could not then help it. I was a great traveler when a boy, though not in the body ; in imagination I had circumnavigated the globe. A book of voyages and travels was to me better than a holiday, and I devoured the pages of Wallis, Cartwright, Byron, and other navigators with an appetite that now seems to me to have been really preternatural. How I used to trudge away, not unwillingly to school, if I had only Robinson Crusoe (which was then a most veritable and authentic document) smuggled

away in my satchel amidst grammars, dictionaries, and other necessary and disagreeable productions. Then Cook's Voyages ! What an ocean of pleasure to me were his ocean wanderings ! How did they divide, or rather completely abstract my faculties from subtraction, multiplication, or division (short or long) ! I was sailing far away, in the good ship Endeavor, over the illimitable Pacific,—what were vulgar fractions to me ? I coasted through the Friendly Islands and took no heed of decimals ; and, as far at least as I was concerned, arithmetical progression became stationary. I might be ostensibly in practice ; but my practice was to go on indulging in stolen sweets “from morn till noon, from noon till dewey eve,” until the awful hour of retribution arrived, and I was called upon to exhibit the sum total of my day's industry. This generally consisted of one or more questions “cabbaged” or stolen from some of my precursors in those difficulties. Sometimes they passed muster ; but oh ! the opaque darkness—the cheerless, hopeless, mental blindness in which I found myself enveloped whenever my worthy teacher requested me to “show how I came by the answer.” How I came by it in one sense—how improperly and feloniously I came by it, I knew full well ; but as for establishing any legitimate claim to the product, as for showing by

any given process how the answer could be correctly deduced from the premises, it was only a waste of his time and mine to request such a thing. Then poor left hand, came thy trial—"not for thine own demerits but for mine," fell blows from supple cane or leathern thong right heavily on thee ! Many a blush and bruise La Perouse and Captain Cook cost thee—ill-used member—unfortunate extremity.

But I was incorrigible. Blows and admonitions were equally unavailable. I did not see or feel the moral justice of either one or the other ; they were to me things of course—necessities, not judicious punishments ; inevitable consequences, which must be endured and could not be avoided, and the next day I was again amongst my old friends the islanders, tattooing warriors, roasting dogs and marvelling how such "strange flesh" would eat when cooked, or performing any other equally curious or ingenious operations. When not reading I was dreaming. From the hubbub of the school I could transport myself in a twinkling to some fair Otaheitan isle—some speck of verdure that "lit the ocean with a smile," where summer, and gentle gales, and beauteous flowers, and odoriferous spices were perpetual ; and there, where "feathery cocoas fring'd the bay," would I lay myself down and watch the breaking of the waves upon the sparkling shore,

until the tumbling of a slate or book, or the harsh growl of the master, startled me from my day-dream and brought me to a sense of things more immediate and material. But I possessed in a high degree the happy faculty of abstraction—a faculty that can transplant you in an instant from the dullest scenes and company to the brightest and gayest—and in a few moments I was again “all abroad”—listening to the roar of Niagara—scrambling over the blue mountains of Jamaica—lolling in the orange groves of the Indies,—until, after years of wandering I would fancy myself returning to anxious friends and old companions.

“When the flower was in the bud, and the leaf upon the tree,
With the lark to sing me home to my ain countree.”

What was the petty pain of a few blows (I never felt the disgrace) to such visions of delight? Nothing. And so I continued—a boy inured to stripes, and utterly destitute of all marks or orders of merit—the tail of my class—the superlative degree of comparison for idleness and inability. No “specimen” of my proficiency in the art of chirography was ever exhibited before company in the parlor of my parents; nor

“When friends were met, and goblets crown’d,”

was I ever called upon, like other boys, to exem-

plify the beauties of the British Poets by my juvenile powers of recitation.

I have traveled much in reality since then, and beheld with the corporeal eye many of the scenes and places that looked so surpassingly fair to my inward vision in former times. I have become "familiar with strange faces," and have made friends and acquaintance in far-off countries. But time and the world have done their usual work with me as with others. I am changed—vilely sophisticated; the smoke of cities is upon my soul, and innumerable trivial sensualities have imperceptibly clogged the elastic spring of the spirit within me. To enjoy the company of old mother nature now, I must have "all appliances and means to boot"—be easy and comfortable, neither hungry nor athirst, instead of seeking her in every form and mood as of yore. But this is the way, more or less, with us all. As we grow up, we acquire an unconscious preference for art above nature—we love the country less and the town more, and shady walks and "hedge rows green" are forsaken for well-paved streets and public promenades. We muddle our brains with politics and political economy, and form attachments to newspapers and distilled and fermented liquors that it is often difficult to shake off. Oh the lamentable deterioration of human nature!

We are the antipodes (to our disadvantage,) of even the despised caterpillar tribe. We do not expand from the grub into the butterfly, but degenerate from the butterfly into the grub. When boys—or wingless butterflies,—we disport in the free air and sunshine, clad in the hues of health, and as free from care or trouble as the lilies of the field. Every returning day brings animation and enjoyment—

“Flowers in the valley, splendor in the beam,
Health in the gale, and freshness in the stream,”

until the remorseless usages of the world apprentice us to doctors, tailors, lawyers, merchants, shipwrights, sugar-bakers, &c. to be initiated into their respective mysteries; we grow up to be sallow, bearded men—we herd together in cities—we monotonously slink day after day from the dull obscurity of our dwellings through dirty lanes and dusky alleys to our strange occupations, and then crawl back again—we snarl at and undermine each other—we play with unbecoming zeal “much ado about nothing” for a few years—we die some day just when we did not want to do so—the living clod is resolved into the lifeless one, and we become—a dream, a recollection, a dimly-remembered thing, of whom perchance, some singular custom or odd saying is recorded, at intervals, for a brief space of

time, and then (to all worldly intents and purposes) we are as if we had never been !

There is, however, to counterbalance the many pleasures and advantages of traveling, one peculiar unpleasant sensation, which nearly all who have journeyed must have felt. It is, in passing away from any place where you have been warmly welcomed and hospitably treated—where you have interchanged good offices, and eat and drank and held pleasant communion with kindly pieces of humanity—the thought that you pass away for ever—that you will see then no more ! Their joys or sorrows, their smiles or tears, are thenceforward nothing to you—you have no further portion in them—you will know them no more ! It is, in truth, a most unpleasant feeling ; but a man had better suffer from it, than be without it. I do not, however, relish that easily excited, indiscriminating kindness, awakened on every occasion ; that unvarying civility—that ready-made sympathy so common in this world of ours. I dislike your polite smilers, on first acquaintance ; fellows who will shake you by the hand, bow, and smile at meeting ; and shake you by the hand, bow, and smile at parting, with equal indifference. Though not altogether to be commended, I rather prefer their opposites—the race of unapproachables ; persons of

cloudy and uninviting aspects, who station themselves in the less frequented parts of steamboats, and odd corners of stage-coaches; who speak when they cannot help it, and with whom a civil sentence seems the prelude to suffocation. When the ice is once broken, when you *do* get acquainted with them, there is often much good fruit under the rough rind; and when the time for separating arrives, they look half sulky, half sorrowful, as they give you their hand—as much as to say, “we *might* have been better friends, but your road lies that way—and mine this, and so—good-by.” I would be bail for one of those personages; I would put my hand to a bond for him, (which I look upon to be the extreme test of human confidence,) but for your ever-ready smilers, they have, in general, no more heart than an infantile cabbage—all leaves and husk, husk and leaves—“let no such men be trusted.”

DEBATING SOCIETIES.

“There are many evils in the present state of society, which it is much easier to censure than eradicate.”—*Modern Moralist*.

ONE of the most pernicious mischiefs of the present times, and one most pregnant with the seeds of individual discomfort and general unhappiness, is the rapid increase of Debating Societies; or, rather, societies for the annoyance of the community—night-schools for the education of youth in flippancy and sophistry—seminaries for the full development of the organ of self-sufficiency—arenas for the exposure of the weakness of the human intellect, and the depreciation of heaven's creatures in the opinion of all considerate people. These excrescences are springing into existence on every side, and are productive of the most lamentable consequences. When I see (as I have seen) a meek, diffident juvenile of eighteen or nineteen, of the right age to imbibe wholesome, quiet wisdom and nutritious instruction—seduced from his darling books, and peaceful solitary chamber, to attend one of those

pestiferous places, where, what they call "questions," are regularly discussed; when I see such an one led on, step by step, by a little empty applause, to exchange the modest diffidence that would gladly learn, for the misplaced confidence that would boldly teach, until he becomes, in the course of time, a confirmed, hardened debater, lost to all sense of shame and idea of propriety—a perpetual torment to his more immediate relatives and connections, and an unceasing nuisance to all the other members of the great human family with whom he may be brought into juxtaposition, I confess I cannot but feel a strong distaste for those reprehensible nurseries for bad speeches and worse arguments.

Reader! didst thou ever misspend a few hours at a debating society? If so, then hast thou seen "pitiful ambition" in all its infinite varieties, and almost every stage and degree of folly, froth, and fatuity. How didst thou preserve thy serenity? Thou mightst have looked, indeed, with calm, contemplative benevolence on some piece of leaden-headed ignorance, who, after a week's cogitation, gravely and seriously set about building up a reputation by announcing that "virtue was its own and best reward," "vice eventually its own punishment," and other similar originalities; but there is a species of reptile to be met with in those congre-

gations of raw intellects, that is, to me at least, peculiarly and distressingly repulsive. It is generally in the shape of a good-looking, smooth-faced, self-sufficient, young gentleman, the leader, the looked-up-to of the society, one skilled in quibbles, quotations, and paradoxes; who thinks truth beneath his advocacy, and makes a point of taking what is called the "*difficult* side of the question," in order to show off his surplusage of uncommon qualities, by confuting his humble satellites, who ingloriously content themselves with a homely, obvious view of the matter in dispute. I am not naturally blood-thirsty; but still, when I have seen an unwholesome piece of mortality of this kind get up, all smirk, amiability, politeness, and complacency, to refute, in the most urbane manner, some truism lineally descended from Shem, Ham, or Japhet, or, it may be, antediluvian, I confess I have felt the destructive principle rising within me—I have acknowledged my consanguinity to Cain—I have—but no man is bound to be his own accuser. "Our worser thoughts heaven mend."

Yet there are people who contend that these dens for the dislocation of grammar, for the maltreatment of metaphors, and the ill-usage of all tropes and figures whatsoever, these very debating societies, are not only perfectly innocuous, but positively be-

neficial ; that they sharpen the tongues and faculties of young men ; that they accustom them to view matters dispassionately, and examine both sides of a subject ; that they keep them, in some degree, from theatres, taverns, billiard-tables, and other immoralities ; and that, moreover, they are a sort of preparatory schools, wherein incipient legislators may perfect themselves in declamation, mystification, equivocation, and other indispensable requisites for wordy war in after life. Oh misjudging fathers of families ! Is it more pernicious, think you, for your offspring to injure the coats of their stomachs by quaffing tumblers of brandy punch at a tavern, than to sully their immortal minds by nightly draughts of quibbles and sophistry ? Is it worse to play a straight hazard at a billard table, than to learn habitually to undervalue truth, treating her like a play-thing—a shuttlecock—to be bandied to and fro as suits their convenience ? Is it worse for them to sit in a theatre and hear the divine poetry of Shakspeare appropriately recited, than to be listening to the dull speculations, or inflated bombast of raw juveniles ; or worse than that, perchance, being themselves actively engaged in damaging the English language, their vernacular, their respected maternal or mother tongue ? Is the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius less to the purpose

than a fiery altercation between Master Cicero Timkins and Master Demosthenes Simkins? Answer.

“But are these things so?” exclaims some unsuspecting, kind-hearted father, or some amiable mother, aroused, for the first time, to a sense of the danger of her darling child, who has recently joined one of those associations, and in whom she has latterly remarked, with sorrow of heart, unequivocal symptoms of obtrusiveness in company, and a rapid development of the organs of obstinacy and self-will. Trust me, dear madam, they are, and must of necessity be so. I am not trifling with you. I am no giddy boy, writing for a thimble-full of local notoriety, but am myself a parent (of some six weeks standing); and though of the more obtuse (where feeling is concerned) or masculine gender, know how to enter into a fond mother’s fears on such an occasion. Trust me, where one boy is benefited by such societies, hundreds are injured in their intellects, their morals, or their tempers. Where one over-bashful youth is inoculated with a little becoming self-possession, hundreds acquire a degree of audacity, repulsive even in those who have arrived at whiskers, but perfectly shocking in persons of tender years; who, by the yet unstiffened down upon their cheeks and chins, are reasonably expected to be patterns of meekness and acquiescence.

But this is only a portion of the evils produced by such unwholesome hotbeds for the forcing of the intellect. The other natural consequences are overweening pride, inflated notions of self, together with contradictory, acrimonious, disputative habits, which irresistibly prompt the unhappy possessors to injure their friends, neighbors and acquaintance, by committing, as it were, moral assaults upon them ; waylaying and deluding them, unawares, into out-of-the-way controversies, knocking them down with arguments or quotations, and then rifling them of their quietude and peace of mind, and otherwise maltreating and abusing them. Is such conduct commendable ? Is it decent ? My dear madam, if you would not have your son become a piece of un-mixed impertinence—an unamiability—a flatulency—an after-dinner annoyance and a tea-table curse, keep him away from debating societies.

After this affecting appeal, I think I see you turn to your first-born, and, with tears in your eyes, exclaim—

“Oh, Ralph Nicholas, my love, go no more to *that* place—it will not, and it cannot come to good.”

Madam, hand this lucubration across the table to him, and conviction will stare him in the face ; he will yet be saved ; and in the words of some great moralist, “ I will not have *written* altogether in vain.”

“But to take,” as the newspapers say, “a more enlarged and comprehensive view of the subject.” These abominations are spreading themselves with awful rapidity over every section of the country. In cities they abound, and are of every degree, from bad to execrable. But worse than this: even in the most (apparently) calm and sequestered villages—sanctuaries for retirement and contemplation and solemn thoughts—the demon of debate has established a president’s chair; and the propounding and discussion of questions are carried on by the rustics with a vigor and pertinacity that argue any thing but well for the peace and quiet of the neighborhood. Really, unless some remedial measures be adopted, habitual disputation may become general, and no man be safe. But what chiefly alarms me, who partly believe in the transmission of peculiar qualities of mind, as well as body, from generation to generation, is, that this disease—this moral blotch of wrangling and debating, becomes rooted in the system; that what in our children is only an acquired habit, may, in their children, and their children’s children, be a natural propensity! I will be gathered to my fathers long ere that, and therefore, cannot be supposed to be influenced by any personal feeling in speaking thus; but, good heavens! should it become hereditary! Then, in-

deed, may the peaceable and well-disposed of after-years—those who have escaped the taint—be emphatically said to have “fallen on evil days,” and then will they exclaim, in the agony of their outraged quiet,

“ Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness !
Some boundless contiguity of shade !”

But, perhaps, I am mournfully anticipative. Providence grant it may be so. But no means should be left untried to check the evil.

I will apostrophize ; perchance it may act as a dissuasive.

Oh, tender, callow youth, of sixteen and upwards, listen ! A voice from the olden time, even that of the wisest among men, calleth unto thee—“ my son, get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding ;” and that thou may’st do so, discountenance those talking, turbulent, truculent associations for the effusion of the froth and scum of oratory ; eschew hot and bitter disputation—seek not for truth amid wrangles, and quibbles, and disingenuous paradoxes—consort not with such as deal in them ; but hie thee to thy silent chamber and choose thy companions from the immortals ; from the demigods of thy “ land’s language.” Look now, in this small room, what a goodly company hast thou assembled around thee. What a congre-

gation of wits, sages, poets, and philosophers ; and all willing to be known to thy poor self. Insignificant as thou art, how familiar may'st thou be with Shakspeare, if it so please thee ! John Milton will not refuse thy acquaintance. Here is Swift, too, divested of his rudeness ; and Pope of his pettishness ; and "glorious John ;" and Ben Jonson and Sam Johnson, who take no offence whatever at the unceremonious abbreviation of their baptismal cognomens. If you wish to laugh, here are Butler and Smollett, two right pleasant fellows, who will speedily furnish you with an occasion ; if you are more attuned unto the "melting mood," here are Gray and Collins similarly disposed ; and if you are so unreasonable as to desire to laugh and cry in the same breath, you can be accommodated, for here is Laurence Sterne ; and here, too, are witty Farquhar, and wittier Congreve ; and kindly-hearted Oliver Goldsmith ; and meek, melancholius Cowper ; and blithe, honest, ill-used Robie Burns ; and I know not how many more true-hearted, sound-headed fellows, "merry and wise," such as the "antique Roman" or the Greek, or all that lived before the days of "good Queen Bess," never had the honor of keeping company with. If you are ambitious of an acquaintance with the leading literary characters of your own times, here are Scott

Rogers, Campbell, Moore, &c. ready to waive the ceremony of a formal introduction in your favor.

Are all these advantages—these opportunities of “keeping the best of company,” to be lightly slighted? Neglect them, and you will walk through the world an idealess biped; cultivate them, and when you go forth amid the mass of mortals, you will see with eyes that they see not with, and hear with ears that they hear not with; and, whether in the crowded city or the solitary plain, the glittering ball-room or the smoky cabin; amid the tumult of society or the silence of nature, you will, at all times, and on all occasions, have it in your power to reap

“The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods on its own heart!”

RESPECTABILITY.

RESPECTABILITY! Mysterious word! indefinite term! phantom! Who will presume to say authoritatively what thou art? What metaphysician or mental chemist will analyze thee, and expound to the world the curious substance or essence of which thou art composed? Where is the lexicographer gifted with powers, subtle and fine as the spider's thread, to define thee accurately, satisfactorily, so that the general voice shall cry aloud, "that is the meaning of the word;" and every individual whisper to his neighbor, "that was *my* meaning." As for the explanations of the existing race of dictionaries, they are mere evasions of the question.

About the boldest and most decided opinion concerning this particle of the English language that I am acquainted with, was that given by a witness in a swindling transaction, who, on being asked by the judge his reason for affirming that the defendant was a respectable man, replied, "that he kept a gig." There is something in the unhesitating and

undoubting confidence of this answer, that carries weight with it. The witness was well acquainted with the defendant's moral obliquities; he knew that he had long been worthy the attention of the laws of his country; he knew, moreover, that he was only enabled to maintain this two-wheeled vehicle by a constant infringement of the right of *meum* and *tuum*; he knew, in short, that he was rich by good management and unchanged by good luck; but still, there was no getting over the simple fact—he kept his gig; and so long as he *did* keep it, nothing could impugn his respectability in the mind of the witness. Yet, before we unthinkingly laugh at this man's tenacious adherence to his *beau ideal* of respectability, let us cautiously examine our own thoughts on the subject. A gig is respectable. A curriele may be dashing—a phaeton stylish—a carriage genteel, lofty, magnificent—but a gig is respectable *par excellence*. Yet, of itself, and independent of other circumstances, it does not wholly and safely constitute respectability, and here lies the difficulty. It is not all in all—“there's the rub,” or the question might be settled. Besides, its condition must be looked to. It may be badly lined, and worse painted; the shafts and wheels may be in ill-condition; it may, in fact, have a disreputable appearance rather than otherwise; it may be

second-handed. All these apparently trivial, but in reality essential circumstances, are to be taken into account before we can definitively pronounce upon the respectability of the possessor ; and it behoves us to be cautious ; for, to a nice mind, ardently engaged in the pursuit of truth, a hair-breadth distinction is found, at times, more obstinately irreconcilable than a more manifest discrepancy.

Respectability ! All-pervading power ! like light and life, thou art everywhere ; or, at the least, wherever civilization is, there art thou to be found, despotically ruling the minds of men of every grade and station, from the doctor to the dustman—from the lawyer to the laborer. But of all the devotees, none, I think, worship thee with the fervor—the intenseness of shopkeepers and small tradesmen. Thou art their idol—their oracle ! They consult thee in all they do or say, or in whatever in any shape appertains to them. Thou art ever uppermost in their thoughts, and there is no sacrifice too great for them to make—no deprivation too severe for them to endure, rather than to be banished either in reality, or in the opinion of the world, from thy presence. But though this race of people are more peculiarly thine own, millions of others put in their claim of kindred to thee on some trivial pretext or other. Thou hast more distant relations

than a Scotchman likely to do well in the world, even though his name be Campbell. And it is curious to mark the different ways in which thy multitudinous kith and kin infer a connection. Some are respectable by descent, some by dress, some by the situation of the dwellings in which they have temporarily located themselves. A man in very low circumstances, if he has no better claim, is consanguineous on the strength of a hat with a brim, or a stocking without a hole—"two precious items in a poor man's eye;" the spruce mechanic's dapper coat, or his wife's silk gown, leave no doubt in his own eyes at least, how closely he is allied; the small tradesman's snug house, tiny flower-spot before the door, and neat green railings, distinctly mark him for thine own; while the more aristocratical storekeeper in the wholesale or large retail way, getting above business, successful ship-brokers, cotton-speculators, lottery-office keepers, and other anomalies, forgetful of all thou hast done for them, look above thee, and creep into the back ranks of gentility and fashion, where they remain neither fish nor flesh—genteel in their own estimation, simply respectable in that of their neighbors.

Some men neglect their personal appearance, and concentrate their claims to respectability in a brass knocker, a plate with their name engraved thereon,

venetian blinds, or any other pretty additament to their domiciles ; others are respectable by virtue of their connexions ; others by going to the private boxes at the theatre ; others by a pew next the parson at church ; others by the people they visit ; others by having every thing in season. Yet, difficult as it is for the mind of man to comprehend all these things, and to decide properly and justly, the women, taking advantage of their superior powers of penetration, and delicacy of discrimination, divide and subdivide respectability as easily as quicksilver. They have their “ respectable *sort of* people—very respectable—highly respectable—extremely respectable—*most* respectable,” which makes the thing about as difficult to understand or explain, as political economy or electro-magnetism. Indeed, there are some men, otherwise not deficient in intellect, who never have even a glimmering of light upon the subject. Think of the more than Egyptian darkness of Robert Burns, for instance—mark his heterodoxies,

“ What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray and a' that,
Gie fools their silk, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.”

No, sir, *he* is not a man ; he is only a poor devil. Or, grant that he is so by courtesy, what is a man

in these times, unless he is respectable according to *some* of the floating laws and regulations on the subject? "Oh, better had he ne'er been born!" for, as the Persian sage justly remarketh—"he shall drink of the waters of bitterness all the days of his life, and his bread shall be as ashes in his mouth; his face shall be near unto the earth, and he shall be so small that his friends will look over his head and see him not, even though the day be light—and his shadow shall be less than the shadow of a dog, or of a Russian, whom God destroy!"

Respectability is in and over all things. There are respectable substances to eat, and drink, and wear; there are respectable towns and streets and situations—for men and houses. There is a shade of respectability in colors. A black coat is more respectable than a brown one—a white handkerchief decidedly more so than a red one. Why this is we cannot tell, we only know that it is so.

One of the immutable laws of nature is, that doctors and lawyers shall wear black coats and white handkerchiefs, and perhaps to this, in a large degree, is owing the respectability which is so generally conceded to those bodies. I speak not here of lawyerlings and doctorlings—boys with scarcely a tinge of their profession, who are injudiciously abandoned in those matters to their own weak

judgments and perverted tastes, and who consequently go abroad in josephean garments "of many colors," but of full-grown responsible men of law and physic. Who would trust a life or a lawsuit of any importance to one of either profession in a pea-green coat, fancy waistcoat, and colored handkerchief? the idea is preposterous. There is more in those black and white habiliments than the unthinking dream of.

A FEW OF THE INCONVENIENCES OF SEEING SHAKSPEARE ACTED.

IN the mass of miscellaneous reading that is constantly meeting the eye and passing from the memory, you occasionally meet with a remark or odd saying of an adhesive quality—like a burr “it will stick.” It is long ago since the following came in my way ; so long, indeed, that I have forgotten the precise form of words in which the meaning was couched, but the purport of the sentence was—“that Shakspeare lost by representation in the same proportion that others gained by it ;—that the one was like a spruce apprentice set off by his Sunday clothes—the other like Apollo tricked out by a tailor.” I dare say the same thought has struck many a man after reading or seeing Shakspeare, and been illustrated by many men in many modes before this time ; still, let the reapers and gleaners go ever so carefully over the field, there are always some few stray ears to be picked up by a straggler—patches, remnants of the bounteous harvest that

has already been gathered in by the first in the field. Nevertheless, that is no good reason why a poor plodder in the stubble should be discouraged. Let him gather together as he best may what others have passed by, and see that it be sound and wholesome—neither blighted nor mildewed; let those laugh that have little better to do at his unostentatious handful.

In speaking of the inconveniences of seeing Shakspeare acted, let us pass by, in quiet resignation, the more purely imaginative of his plays—his “*Tempest*,” and “*Midsummer Night’s Dream*.” These wild and delicate pieces of fancy were never intended for the hard handling and business calculations of stage managers and their underlings. A summer’s day would be all too short to detail the strange wrong, the mutilation, the degradation they suffer on the stage. Their delicious poetry should be for the hours of privacy alone; and even then, a man should not trust himself to read some of the passages in the latter play (or dream) aloud; they are of too fine a texture for the harsh human voice, and should be imbibed and conveyed to the senses by the eye alone. But to hear them in a theatre! To have them remorselessly bellowed forth from the foot-lamps by the lumps of clay who do the scavenger work of the drama, is absolutely

terrible ! It is worse than assassinating Handel or Mozart with a bagpipe, or playing Hadyn's symphonies on a hurdy-gurdy ! And yet, what will not mortals attempt ? The most of us have actually heard a stage *Bottom* issue such directions as these to some silly, fat, flobby child in white or green—
“ Monsieur Cobweb ; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble bee on the top of a thistle ; and good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur ; and good monsieur, have a care that the honey-bag break not ; I would be loth to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior ;” while Moth, Peas-blossom, Mustard-seed, and the other elves who—

“ Creep into acorn cups and hide them there,”

have been represented by the brothers and sisters of Cobweb, the juvenile produce and property of some industrious matron connected with the establishment. This is as bad as Snout, the joiner, representing the wall. And with all our vaunted improvements in stage decoration, how much worse off was the poor Athenian company for their lion, and wall, and moonshine, than the unfortunate modern scene-painter or property-man, who is called upon by the text to furnish a bank as per order ?

“I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows ;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine :
There sleeps Titania.”

No! there are scenes and materials about the “*Tempest*” which may, in some slight degree, excuse its introduction on the stage, and atone for the manifold barbarities committed upon it when there; but never let the “*Midsummer Night’s Dream*”—that fine film—that pure abstraction—that delicate fret-work of an ethereal imagination, have a tangible existence.

Let us pass to the common acting plays—*Macbeth*. You are sitting by the fire on a winter’s evening, “wrapped” in the perusal of this masterpiece of nature’s masterpiece, preparatory to visiting the theatre to see it played. In your mind’s eye you perceive the “blasted heath,” the scene of *Macbeth*’s temptation, sterile and wild, covered with masses of primeval and “herbless granite,” and untenanted save by the lonely plover or shy and solitary moorcock. Beside some rude cairn are clustered the weird sisters, “posters of the sea and land,” recounting their exploits, and holding devilish consultation; in the distance is the army of *Macbeth*. There is a bleak and gloomy grandeur in the picture you have drawn, and you hasten to the theatre

to have it realized. Does not your enthusiasm receive a shock? Before you is some old, confined "wood-scene" used on all occasions, with Macbeth and Banquo, the three beldames, and divers ill-drilled supernumeraries huddled together in most unseemly proximity; while the hags, "so wither'd and so wild in their attire," are generally represented (for what reason managers only know) by three low comedians, for the most part hearty, plump, oleaginous personages, with whom all sorts of odd, out-of-the-way associations are connected, in patched red and tartan petticoats, and stationed in the full glare of the gas-lamps! True, some of this cannot be remedied; but much of it might, were a tithe part of the money and attention directed towards it that is wasted on some gaud or pantomime; and much that is now vulgar, common-place and ridiculous, might, by the aid of a little liberality and common-sense, be rendered grand and impressive. But the managers think that Shakspeare may be used and abused after any fashion; that he has stamina for any thing; and they think right, though they act wrong. "Scenery, machinery, dresses and decorations," however, *may* be amended, "that's comfort, yet;" but alas! what mental millwright—what skilful machinist, will put in order and wind up the talking machines that

“do” the subordinate parts about the theatre to the true Shaksperian pitch, and set them a-going for the night ! Is the schoolmaster yet abroad ordained to shed a ray of light upon their benighted understandings concerning the meaning of the author, or make them sensible of the simple but important fact, that blank verse is not prose, and ought to be spoken differently ? Here it is where our great dramatic poet principally suffers. The exuberant genius of Shakspeare could not stoop to petty calculations. It never entered into his thoughts what unimaginative pieces of mortality would, in after times, give utterance to the glorious poetry that is scattered indiscriminately over his pages. Small occasion had he to play the niggard, and carefully apportion out his sweet fancies and rare conceits to those who would be likely to give the most effect in the representation ; and hence it is that the “ Goodmen Dulls ” of the theatre—the honest plodding gentlemen with small salaries and corresponding capacities, who, in other authors, have language admirably adapted to their modes of thinking and expression put into their mouths, have frequently, when doing their work in subordinate characters in Shakspeare, to utter passages redolent with beauty, which they do in a way that very satisfactorily shows these “ imperfect speakers ” have little occa-

sion to thank the gods for having made them "poetical."

Of all Shakspeare's characters there are not any so systematically ill-used as these same witches in Macbeth. It has been thought by many who know something of the matter, that there are a wildness and sublimity in the character and attributes of those malignant hags, that are perfectly inapproachable by any one below Shakspeare's calibre. And, be it noted, they are not only of wondrous import of themselves, but the mainspring of all the principal events in the great drama to which they belong. The talent and intellect of the greatest ornaments the stage has produced, would not be misapplied in *endeavoring* to give an adequate idea of these strange and fantastical creations. Yet what are they at present? Three old women, absolute objects of mockery and laughter to the audience. Nay, this seems, in some degree, to be now their legitimate purpose; for it is not unfrequently the case, that when the spectators are more decorous than usual, some of the witches, by a grotesque action or ridiculous intonation, appeal to them for the customary tribute—a hearty laugh! But it is not always the actors who are in fault. There is one thing which has always especially moved my admiration. It is the marvellous small provocative

to laughter which people require when congregated together in large bodies, and when it is quite clear they should do any earthly thing rather than laugh. Here, for instance, where the most solemn attention and breathless anxiety should pervade the house—

First Witch.—Look what I have !

Second Witch.—Show me ! show me !

Third Witch.—Here I have a pilot's thumb
Wreck'd as he did homeward come.

Second Witch.—A drum ! a drum ! Macbeth doth come.

Upon this hint, if it be a favorite actor that is expected, a universal uproar or *row* commences, which lasts until Macbeth comes swaggering and bowing down the stage. If it be not any great or novel favorite that personates the hero, the scene proceeds in the following lively manner :

Third Witch.—The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine.

Here the first witch, as a part of the incantation, bows or nods her head thrice, and a general smile instantly suffuses the faces of a majority of those present, in boxes, pit, and gallery, which indisputably proves that nodding the head thrice is essentially and exquisitely comic. The second witch continues “and thrice to thine,” suiting the action

to the word, upon which a general titter ensues. But when the third witch, in obedience to the line, "and thrice again to make up nine," nods thrice more, the great merriment of the audience can no longer be contained, and "Peace! the charm's wound up," is uttered amid a roar of laughter. "By day and night, but this is wondrous strange." Certes, it would be a merry treat for Voltaire, the blasphemer of Shakspeare, to see many parts of Macbeth acted.

On the stage, in the garbled selection designated Richard III. how much do we miss, or rather, what a one-sided view is presented to us of the hero. There is no relief in the character, it is scarcely Shaksperian, for it is unmixed evil. All the darker shades are deepened, and brought prominently forward: and the lighter and more agreeable tints sedulously excluded from the picture. We have the "hunchback," the "bottled spider," the subtle tyrant, the hypocrite, and the murderer, at full length; but we miss the lively animated Richard, the blunt, quick-witted soldier, the accomplished courtier, the "princely Gloster," such as he is to be found in Shakspeare. We miss all his bitter, though pleasant and not altogether unmerited gibes and jeers at King Edward, his wife, and her relations—

“ We speak no treason, man ; we say, the king
Is wise and virtuous ; and his noble queen
Well struck in years ; fair, and not jealous :—
We say that Shore’s wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip,
A bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue ;
And the queen’s kindred are made gentlefolks :
How say you, sir ; can you deny all this ? ”

and twenty other similar passages, and we lose that respect for him which, maugre his bad qualities, his energy, his fiery courage, his constancy, generalship, and intellectual superiority to those around him, extort from us through the three parts of Henry the Sixth. During the long and bloody wars of the roses, he is almost the only prominent character who is not at the same time as weak as wicked.

But of all the acting plays, King Lear undoubtedly suffers most. Sins of omission and commission are here too numerous to be pointed out. There is a radical unfitness too, in the exposure of the infirmity and imbecility of the aged monarch through five long acts, that it is scarcely possible for genius, even of the highest order, to overcome. The pity produced by an exhibition of physical decay for any lengthened period, is nearly allied to contempt ; and contempt is by no means the feeling with which either the mental or bodily weakness of Lear ought to be regarded. In the closet, we

think of him with natural reverence, as “a poor, despised, weak, and infirm old man,” “fourscore and upwards;” on the stage, the repulsive infirmities attendant on this condition,—shaking, coughing, tottering; or worse than that, the awkward imitations of them by the actor, who is constantly obtruding them on us to show his knowledge of, and attention to, the part, repel our sympathies. Besides, the madness of Lear is too subtle and refined, almost too sacred, for the stage. The superhuman touches of pathos and passion are too exquisitely fine and delicate for the atmosphere of a theatre. We get too deeply interested to endure the thought that it is but counterfeit “well-painted passion” we are looking on; and, in the excited state of our feelings, applause becomes impertinence, and the other noises of a playhouse loathsome. Whenever other writers for the stage have failed, it has been from lack of means—from an inability to conceive or express what the passion or situation required; but Shakspeare has done more than succeed; in the exercise of his immortal powers, he has at times risen to a pitch that has rendered it impossible for mortals of more limited faculties, even in their happiest moments of inspiration, to give other than a poor and imperfect illustration of his meaning. Of all his characters, this is most

conspicuous in *Lear*. In these latter days, no man, save Kean, has succeeded in giving even a faint idea of the craz'd monarch ; all other attempts have been little better than pitiable. I do not say this dictatorially. There are many, I doubt not, better qualified to judge than myself, who think differently. I quarrel with no man's opinion, but claim the right of expressing and retaining my own. Those who are much in the habit of attending the theatre, get inured to dramatic butchery of all sorts, and can sit and see, even with a smile on their countenance, *Othello*, *Richard*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and other of their acquaintance, "savagely slaughtered;" but even the most seared and case-hardened play-goer must feel that an ill-judged attempt in *Lear* is little better than profanation.

I am by no means contending that *Lear* should never be played, but have only been endeavoring to point out some of the difficulties and disadvantages attendant thereon : yet I had almost forgotten the principal drawback. On the stage, the *Foot*, (so called) the best and wisest, if not the wittiest, of Shakspeare's fools, is altogether omitted. All his pithy sayings—his scraps of doggerel, with a deep meaning in them—his shrewd commentaries on the folly of the king, and the ingratitude of his daughters—all gone "at one fell swoop." We miss

him sadly, for he is not only the most sensible, but best hearted of fools; and there is something peculiarly touching in his unflinching adherence to the fortunes of his master, at the same time that he has judgment to see his interest lies the other way, and shrewdness to give such keen and bitter counsel as this for the desertion of fallen greatness—"Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again. I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it." He seems too, to have a quicker insight than any around as to "how the world wags;" for when Kent asks,

"How chance the king comes with so small a train?"

he chides his dullness of perception by answering, "An thou hadst been put in the stocks for asking that question, thou hadst well deserved it." In the last extremity, when the poor monarch is "unhousel'd," and exposed to all the fury of the elements, we still hear of poor Motley--

Kent.—But who is with him?

Gent.—*None but the Fool*; who labors to outjest
His heartfelt injuries.

What a picture is presented to the imagination by

these few words—"none but the fool" of fallen greatness on the one hand, and unswerving fidelity on the other. It is gratifying to know that this affection is at least reciprocated; for Lear, even after his "wits begin to turn," exclaims—

"Poor fool and knave ! I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee !"

But we might pursue this subject to "the crack of doom;" or at least, to speak more prosaically and sensibly, we might continue it to a most tiresome and unreasonable length. The gist of what we have been endeavoring to show, is,—not that Shakspeare should be played less, but that he should be read more; to point out to those who are contented to become acquainted with him for the most part through the medium of the stage, how much they lose by such a procedure; and to prove that some of his plays, from their high and peculiar nature, are fitted for the closet alone; and to expose a few of the drawbacks upon the pleasure of seeing him acted, occasioned by the carelessness or incapability of those who have the charge of dramatic entertainments.

MONEY.

Alas! what a thing is Poverty
Among the fallen on evil days :
'Tis crime, and fear, and infamy,
And houseless want ; in frozen ways
Wandering ungarmented ; and pain,
And worse than all, that inward stain,
Foul self-contempt, which drowns in sneers
Youth's starlight smile, and makes its tears
First like hot gall, then dry for ever !

“RICHES are not happiness,” say many old proverbs generally “well-to-do” in the world—granted ; neither is Poverty directly and absolutely misery ; but if she be not, she is near akin—she is “mother of miseries,” and has, in truth, as swarming and ill-favored a progeny, of all shapes and sizes, as can well be conceived, from full-grown evils down to small, petty nuisances. As it often happens, the junior portion of her offspring are the worst to be endured. They have not the deadly stings and matured malignancy of the elder evils, but are more fretful, teasing, irritating, and annoying ; and are that set of imps that are perpetually pestering men

in middling circumstances, or rather, on the borders or confines thereof, but whom an increasing deficiency of, and an increasing necessity for, the circulating medium, is gradually dragging down to that class of "despicable vagabonds," as Cooper's housekeeper calls them—the poor. Be not afraid, ye men of millions, am not about to make any drafts upon your sympathy, I am not about to attempt to draw, *a-la-Banim*, any fearful, loathsome, haggard picture of poverty and its effects. Such pictures do little good, and much harm. They have the tendency to sere and render callous the feelings rather than excite pity, or open the well-springs of divine charity. Besides, the superlative is not my line; the positive or comparative is quite high or low enough for one who neither deals in celestial bliss nor ineffable woe, but am content to peddle in the small ware of mere human troubles and inconveniences.

To want money is to want "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends;" it is to want respect and sympathy, and the ordinary courtesies of society, besides, occasionally, victuals. The possession or non-possession of it makes the difference whether life has to be an enjoyment or a task; whether it has to be a walk over a smooth, verdant lawn, amid fragrant flowers, and aromatic shrubs, and

all things that minister pleasure to the senses ; or a wearisome up-hill journey through thorns and briars, and other disgraceful impediments. It makes the difference whether you have to go bounding exultingly along like the free, full-blooded courser, or wend your way wearily and slow like the laden and despised pack-horse.

To want money, in a high state of civilization, is to be a kind of slave ; it is, at least, to be dependent on the whims and caprices of others, instead of indulging in all the pleasant eccentricities or originalities to which your temperament may prompt you ; it is to have to rise soon when you wish to lie late, and go to bed early in order to be enabled so to do ; it is to have to eat indiscriminate provender, instead of making a judicious selection from the “ delicious juices of meats and fishes ;” it is to have to live in unwholesome and anti-respectable neighborhoods, and mix in daily communion with people whose ways are not your ways ; it is to be a drudge, a hack, a machine, worked for the profit and advantage of others until the springs are broken ; it is to be omitted in family celebrations, and roam about invitationless at Christmas ; it is to have to put up with equivocal nods and recognitions in the streets—to have your friends look into print-shop windows as you approach, and suddenly

bring their admiration of the engraver's skill to a period as soon as you have passed by ; it is to feel all delicate sensibilities, all free generous feelings, all ardent and aspiring thoughts checked and crushed within you by a petty but overbearing necessity ; it is to have to suffer at once the greatest misfortunes and the most contemptible vexations ; to have family affections and social friendships uprooted and destroyed, and to be obliged to be uncomfortably careful of coats, hats, and other habiliments. It is to live " a man forbid ;" or it is to become an exile from your native land—an outcast, a wanderer in foreign and unhealthy climes, hunting for the yellow indispensable, until you are of the color of the metal you are in quest of ; until the temper becomes soured, the feelings deadened, the heart indurated, and the liver in an improper state. How beautifully has Leyden portrayed his own fate and feelings, and those of thousands of others, in that pure gem of poetry, the " Address to an Indian Gold Coin"—

" For thee—for thee, vile yellow slave !
I left a heart that lov'd me true ;
I cross'd the tedious ocean wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new ;
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my wither'd heart—the grave,
Dark and untimely, met my view
And all for thee ! vile yellow slave !"

To lack money is to lack a passport or admission ticket into the pleasant places of God's earth—to much that is glorious and wonderful in nature, and nearly all that is rare, and curious, and enchanting, in art; or if you do travel about in a small way, it is to have that most miserable, rascally, intrusive, and disagreeable of all traveling companions—economy, yoked to you; to be under a continual restraint from his presence; to feel unable to give your mind cheerfully and freely up to the scene before you; and in the contemplation of a magnificent view, or a piece of hoar antiquity, to have the wretch whisper in your ear the probable cost of your pleasurable sensations; it is to have a continual contest carried on in your sensorium between pleasure and prudence; it is to submit to small inconveniences and petty insults at inns for the accommodation of travelers, where, above all places on earth, the men of money shine out with the most resplendent glory, and the unmonied become the most truly insignificant; it is, in fact, to have all your enjoyments diminished and annoyances aggravated; to have pleasure almost transmuted into pain, or at least, to have “such shadow of vexation” thrown over it as materially to change its complexion; and when all is over—journey done and expenses paid—it is to feel a sort of mean remorse

as you reckon up your past expenditure, and ponder over the most probable remedial ways and means for the future.

The two things most difficult of discovery, next to the passage round the north pole, are talent in a poor man and dullness in a rich one ; therefore, to want money, is to want wit, humor, eloquence, in fact capacity of every kind, or, at the best, if they be not altogether denied, to have such a duty levied upon them—such an oppressive drawback—that the rich man with inferior wares, is able to beat the poor one whenever they come into competition. For instance, the most casual observer of men and manners must have noticed that in company a joke from a man of 5000*l.* per annum, elicits more admiration, and produces infinitely more hilarity and good humor, than ten equally good from a man worth 500*l.* Oh ! it is perfectly wonderful the raciness and point that an abundance of temporalities impart to a rather dull saying. Besides, a jest from a man in the receipt of a contemptible income, by some strange fatality invariably changes its nature, and becomes little better than sheer impertinence. It is that sort of thing which grave gentlemen and prudent matrons designate by the word “unbecoming.” Now all this, though visible to the meanest capacity, might puzzle a philosopher ; he

would be as unable to comprehend it as he would the curious sympathy which evidently exists between sterling wit and superfine cloth, that mutually assist and set off each other. Many a quaint conceit and rare piece of pleasantry has altogether lost its effect and fallen pointless in consequence of the speaker's garments not being of that texture, or possessed of that freshness which is altogether desirable. The moral, good reader, to be deduced from all this is—that you be not petulant and acrimonious because these things are so, but that, if endowed with a “money-making disposition,” you assiduously cultivate it, and then you will not need care whether these things are so or not.

The want of money too, I am inclined to think, produces physical changes which have not as yet been sufficiently noticed by the faculty. It causes a gradual and considerable accumulation of bile, which lies lurking in the system, until the incivilities of friends, or the importunities of creditors, cause it to become completely vitiated or inspissated; after which a man, especially one predisposed to melancholy and contemplation, looks at every thing on earth through a pair of yellow spectacles. The unhappy patient becomes saturated, body and mind, with jaundice; he shuns the society of his fellow men, buttons his coat up to his chin, pulls his hat

over his eyes, deposits his hands in the pockets of his small-clothes, and takes extraordinary long walks into the country. But even the fair face of nature becomes changed ; the barrenness of his pockets throws a corresponding sterility over the landscape, deducting " the glory from the grass and splendor from the flower." The blossoming of the earth is no longer pleasant to his sight, or the music of the merry warblers of the woods delightful to his ear. His " heart is out of joint," and all nature seems to be filled with unpleasing comparisons between his own state and hers. He stalks about with lowering brow and upturned lip, an unpleasant discord amid the universal harmony and fitness of things. At this juncture, let intelligence arrive of a heavy legacy left him by some appropriately defunct distant relative—and lo ! the change ! It is as a dark cloud passing from the sun. Monsieur *Il Penseroso* becomes *L'Allegro* in a twinkling. He draws his hand from the extensive vacuum in which they have been dangling, takes the yellow spectacles from his eyes, raises the hat from his brow, unbuttons his coat, and turns, with a feeling of leisurely enjoyment, to welcome the fresh spring breeze. The song of birds and the odour of flowers are again grateful to his senses. The rivulet tinkles once more pleasantly in his ear, and the cheer-

ful song of the lark finds a corresponding echo in his own bosom. He indulges no longer in speculations on the vanity and insufficiency of things, but hies homeward cheerful, free, enfranchised, independent. He orders an approved cookery book, lies a bed and studies it, and marvels, in a short time, how melancholy ever gained a footing in this mighty pleasant world. Oh money, money!—marvellous indeed are the changes thou canst produce. Would that I were a bank director!

AN HUMBLE ADDRESS TO THE MARRIAGEABLE LADIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

Note.—The following paper was suggested by seeing it repeatedly stated in American papers, that Societies had been formed in different parts of the Union, wherein young ladies pledged themselves to discourage the addresses of all young men who were known to have used spirituous liquors ; some excluded wine, and I think if they were right in the one case they were right in the other ; for whether a man absorbs wine or spirits in sufficient quantities to produce intoxication, is very immaterial. But, indeed, as all wines contain an admixture of spirit (more or less), they come under both the letter and spirit of the prohibition.

“2dly.—*Resolved*,—That from this time forward we will not encourage or admit the addresses of any gentleman who shall be known to be in any way concerned in the consumption of ardent spirits, (except as a medicine.”)—*American Paper*.

AMIALE young ladies !—Is this thing so ? Has the decree indeed irrevocably gone forth, that throughout the United States bachelor and brandy-drinker shall henceforth become synonymous terms ; that the cup of wedded bliss shall never be quaffed by him who quaffs of any other cup (tea and coffee excepted)—that an eternal line of separation shall be drawn between those ancient friends, Hymen

and Bacchus—and that the nursery and the cellar shall never more be found conjoined under the same roof? What nest of malevolent spinsters, cut off themselves from all maternal hopes; or what congregation of thin, dyspeptic, water-drinking youths has persuaded you to the adoption of this suicidal course, destructive alike of your own comfort and happiness, and the comfort and happiness of numerous worthy, hearty fellows, I am lost in conjecture. Can the holders of shares in the Manhattan and other water companies have any concern in the getting-up and promulgation of this unnatural resolution—this “sharp, biting statute?” But let who will be concerned, I will never believe that such a resolution will or can become universal, or ever attain to the firm texture of the laws of the Medes and Persians, which alter not. What! have all the bright eyes, blooming cheeks, and warm hearts of the damosels of the western continent, to be in future monopolized by cold, watery, fish-blooded young men, incapable of a glass or two, or occasionally upwards; and has all hilarity, good fellowship, decent conviviality, with their concomitants, toasts, songs, and sentiments, to be prohibited under penalty of being the sole occupant of a four-post or other bedstead? My dears, you could never have given the thing a thought when you vowed your-

selves members of such a cruel and barbarous association. You have been led away by morbid and exaggerated descriptions of bloated intemperance, and the madness of intoxication—of neglect and poverty and misery—of sitting sorrowfully by the lonely fire, listening to the dull ticking of the clock, until some brute, whom you have dignified by the name of husband, reels homeward from his nightly debauch; and these horrid fancies have haunted your imaginations until you have come to the conclusion that there is a much more intimate connexion between virtue and cold water than really exists. Trust me, a man may drink seven tumblers *per diem* of the pure fluid, and be no saint; and another may take his social glass, enjoy his bottle and his friend, and on high festivals get merry, mellow, comfortable, elevated, sublimated, or whatever the word is, without at all forfeiting his general claims to sobriety, or trespassing upon the duties of a husband or a father. And here is the radical defect of temperance or abstinence societies generally; the line of demarcation is too strongly drawn—there is no neutral ground. It is “touch not, taste not,” or else a very undeserved opprobrium (especially in small villages), is attached to him who either touches or tastes, thus rendering him careless and reckless from a sense of the seve-

rity and injustice of the stigma attached to perhaps no very censurable degree of self indulgence. According to the homely proverb, "a man may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb;" and he that gets no credit for moderation, is very apt to plunge into excess.

But you, gentle ladies, have improved upon this unjustifiable severity. What are the fulminations of any body of he-creatures to your terrible Malthusian determination—your fearful resolution to put a stop either to the consumption of ardent spirits, or to any increase in the census? The legislature ought to look to it: the only comfort is, that reasonable doubts may be entertained of the practicability of your scheme; for it scarcely "stands within the prospect of belief" that hearts will be torn asunder and deep-rooted affections dissevered upon the discovery of the swain's having incautiously taken off a tumbler of brandy and water! It is barely possible that you will have the firmness of nerve to really discard him for evermore for such a transgression, giving him mournful occasion to exclaim with the poet—

"Alas! how slight a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
A something light as air—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
Oh! love that tempests never shook
A *glass of brandy-punch* has shaken!"

Bethink you, too, what a glorious inquisitorial system you will establish for the amusement of maiden aunts and bosom friends, who will be for ever on the alert to crush your schemes of happiness in the bud by instituting unceasing and unrelenting inquiries for the purpose of establishing the important fact of your beloved having swallowed improper compounds. And what a truly original foundation you will lay for the exercise of the talents of the future native novelist, who, in copying real life, will doubtless frequently have to detail such scenes as the following :

“ Henry unexpectedly entered the room, and to his utter surprise and dismay found Laura literally steeped in tears. Her eyes, which were red with weeping, formed a curious contrast to the ashy paleness of her cheeks ; and, although it was long past the hour of dinner, she had yet her morning gown on, her hair was still in paper, and every thing about her spoke of sorrow and desolation and utter disregard of personal appearances.

“ Henry approached, and by a regular series of tender solicitations and delicate assiduities, sought to win from her the cause of her distress. But vain and fruitless were his manifold endeavors. For a quarter of an hour she spoke not—listened not, to him whose every word had heretofore been a charm—a

spell to hang and dwell upon. At length her grief found vent in an audible torrent of exclamations and interrogatories—

“ ‘ And can you, Henry—you who are the sole author of my misery, pretend ignorance?—you, who have blighted all my young hopes of happiness;—you, who have betrayed my trusting affection—you who have—’

“ ‘ Me !’ exclaimed the now really alarmed youth, ‘ what the deuce have I done ?’

“ ‘ And do you ask?—you who have created an insuperable barrier to our union,—you who have placed a chasm between us that can never be over-leapt—a bar that can never be taken down—a—’

“ ‘ Good heavens ! what *have* I done ?’

“ ‘ You have,’ sobbed the agitated girl, almost choked with contending emotions, ‘ you have drunk a gin-sling !’

“ ‘ I know it ; and what of that ?’

“ ‘ Unthinking, cruel man ! by so doing you have wrecked my peace of mind for ever, and lost yourself the most affectionate and devoted of wives. Did I not tell you—answer me—Saturday fortnight,—that I had become a member of the Auxiliary Branch Anti-marrying-young-men-who-drink-ardent-spirits Society—that I have vowed,’ ” &c.

Then what a climax will the reconciliation scene be—

“ ‘ And you solemnly promise that you will never hereafter drink a mint julep ?’

“ ‘ Never !’

“ ‘ Or brandy-punch ?’

“ ‘ Never !’

“ ‘ Or whiskey-toddy ?’

“ ‘ Never, never !’

“ ‘ Or a gin-sling ?’

“ ‘ Oh ! never !’

“ ‘ I am satisfied ! We may yet be happy !’ ”

And seriously, my dears, do you expect that any rational, sensible, spirited man—any man in fact worth having, is going to submit to have his judgment impugned, and his discretion and self-command rated so low, as to be required to bind himself by oaths and vows to refrain from what he does not consider wrong ? But I submit it to your candor and good sense, whether the moderate and occasional use of stimulating liquors is so dangerous and pernicious as it is the fashion to think, or affect to think, they are. I include wine, of course ; for the non-prohibition of wine by temperance societies is one of their most objectionable features ;—it is a partial and one-sided exemption to gain the countenance of the wealthy and influential. The rich man

seeks the stimulus within his reach—the poor man does no more ; the aim and end of both is excitement, and the difference in the means and effect is so trivial in taking a general view of the subject, that it is scarcely worthy consideration. But if the rules and regulations of such societies lean favorably towards the rich and affluent, there are higher and more impartial authorities which do not. “It is not for kings to drink wine ; nor for princes strong drink : lest they drink, and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted. Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those who be of heavy hearts.” I do not here wish to cast the slightest imputation of hypocrisy, or impute unworthy motives to the friends and organizers of temperance societies. I believe many of them to be just and good men, ardently desirous of promoting the happiness of their fellow-creatures ; but I do think that they in many cases mistake the means, and in all attempt too much. At the same time, doubtless, there are many amongst them, who, from a natural distaste, for wine or spirits, or from possessing a weak or debilitated constitution, which imperatively forbids their indulging therein, make a virtue of necessity, and take credit to themselves for an enforced forbearance. And it is a curious feature in human nature, that those

very persons are generally more intolerant than those who really make a sacrifice by abstaining from what they relish. But so it is.

Leaving, however, these matters to be debated by others, let us, ladies, take a quiet, reasonable, worldly, common-sense view of the question. We will all, I dare say, agree that there is not under the sun a more degraded creature than a drunkard—a sot—a sponge that absorbs indiscriminately all quantities and qualities of liquors that come in his way; a fellow like a desert sand, “that drinks, and drinks, and still is dry”—a bond-slave to a pot and glass. Neither will we disagree in our estimation of another very common and unamiable species of animal, to wit—the noisy, coarse young man who is continually hanging about taverns drinking juleps, smoking cigars, canvassing the merits of plays and players, or wrangling and disputing about southern nullification—a mixture of ruffianism and puppyism; the sort of person who is continually *enjoying* himself by getting into what he calls “famous sprees” or “duced good larks,” which means committing gratuitous impertinences and getting well kicked, beaten, and put into the watchhouse therefore; liquor only calls forth and fully developes the natural rankness of the thoughts and feelings of such a creature; and the sooner it kills him the

pleasanter for society. But there is another class more worthy of your attention, who have not altogether foresworn the use of stimulants. Men who from keeping generally sober, are the more keenly alive to a little pleasurable elevation on particular occasions, their faculties and capacities for enjoyment being fresh and unworn—neither starved by total abstinence nor blunted and cloyed by habitual indulgence. In this class are to be found some of the choicest specimens of humanity; the wit, the poet, and the philosopher, the unobtrusive student and the gay lively man of the world. Such persons seldom or never become drunkards—they have too much good taste; and is it not uncharitable in you, or any one else, to attempt to affix a stigma on them because they sometimes, on festive occasions, seek relief from the wearisome monotony of the world in a bumper? I take it for granted that nearly all men like excitement, and women too. True there are some schemes of quiet and rational happiness which omit this article entirely; but then they are generally so *very* quiet and rational, that people are apt to fall asleep in the enjoyment of them. Your sensibilities, ladies, are quicker and finer than ours, and the desired sensation is more easily obtained; for instance, company, a cup of delicate green tea, and a modicum of harmless

scandal, cause your eyes to sparkle, adorn your cheeks with smiles and dimples, set your tongues a-going, and induce precisely that state of body and mind which gentlemen experience after a glass or so. Suppose, in the midst of your sipping and chatting, the warm, comfortable tea-urn was to be removed, and a pitcher of cold water substituted in its place ! “ Will you take another cup ? ” Ah ! how your teeth chatter at the mere thoughts of such a thing, and what a piece of wanton barbarity you consider the exchange. Well, ladies, suppose a few decent, inoffensive gentlemen seated round a table, each with a glass of sparkling wine, or, why mince the matter, whiskey-punch before him. The good liquor begins to do its office ; the “ flow of reason and the feast of soul ” commence ; the jest, the song, the anecdote go round—the petty carking cares of business are forgotten, and the tangible evils of life gradually fade away into thin, unsubstantial vapors. Their glasses are out—fill them again. Suppose at this stage of the business some spare, dissatisfied man conveyed away unobserved the pleasing liquids which they had been drinking, replenishing at the same time every glass with the choicest spring water. “ Gentlemen,” says he, “ I will give you a toast—Temperance Societies, and success to their endeavors.” What is the result ?

Why several worthy gentlemen that were about to be very happy, become suddenly uncomfortable, go home in a bad humor, and quarrel with their wives about small domestic grievances. How much is virtue into pocket by this ?

At public dinners (such an one as was given some time since to our gifted townsman, Washington Irving,) would you excommunicate wine and spirits ? Would you have all generous toasts and sentiments washed down with cold water ? What an agreeable fervor would pervade the company ! At patriotic celebrations, too, think, oh think, of the "immortal memory of George Washington" in pure spring, or the "American fair," in a bumper of the best rock, Manhattan, or other waters of local notoriety ! Is such a scheme feasible ; and, if it were, is it desirable ? Have the lords of the creation to follow the example of the cattle of the fields and other inferior animals ? Then why was a discriminating palate given to man ? Water is highly commendable and agreeable in many respects. It is useful in poetry, and poetical in reality. In a landscape, for instance, what life and animation does it impart to the prospect ; how sweetly it gurgles and tinkles in a rivulet ; and into what a resplendent blaze of beauty it heightens a fine sunset ! But when presented to the eye on a small

scale,—that is, in a tumbler—it becomes insignificant and contemptible, and altogether unworthy the notice of any person pretending to rationality. Oh ladies, ladies, rescind your resolutions ; but at the same time beware—beware of men that drink alone, and of those who drink standing at the bars of taverns ; such persons drink for the gross love of liquor ; beware of gluttons, sots and habitual tipplers ; but also beware of unadulterated water-drinkers.

BULWER AND WALTER SCOTT.

THIS is the age of discoveries—of wonderful and astounding discoveries. A spirit of fermentation and free inquiry has got abroad, and put that restless little animal man into a state of preternatural disquietude, insomuch that he has adopted for the sober rule of his conduct Shakspeare's hibernicism,

“ We will strive with impossibilities,
Yea, get the better of them !”

and he lightly projects schemes and broaches doctrines that would have made the hair stand on end upon the heads of his respectable ancestors. The world never saw such times. Science and quackery have become so intermixed, that worthy though obtuse people are puzzled to discover the difference, and hence spring those two large parties—the innovators and the anti-innovators—that keep society fermenting like a barrel of ale at mid-

summer. In the eyes of the former, nothing is good but what is new; they are for turning the poor old world topsy-turvy, for shaking religion, poetry, law, learning and common sense out of it, and governing it hereafter by steam, mathematics, and a sublime code of morals calculated for use when the era of human perfectibility commences. The anti-innovation faction are ridiculous in another way: they are good fat sort of people, full of beef, beer, and prejudice, who are continually "perplexed with fear of change;" who think that time and custom sanctify all things, and that whatever has been, ought to be. Their ranks are headed by grave, solemn old owls, who shut their eyes to the light in a very owlish manner, while the recruits of the other are, for the most part, pert, prating jackdaws, dressed out in the borrowed robes of philosophy and philanthropy, and their cackle is worse than the croak of their opponents, inasmuch as it is more intrusive and presuming, the one being active ignorance, the other only passive. Thank heaven, a third party with knowledge of their own, unite the zeal of one faction with the caution of the other.

Such being the state of things, the number of sublime and ridiculous discoveries daily made in physics, metaphysics, law, government, and litera-

ture, are scarcely to be wondered at. But the most notable discovery of modern times is, undoubtedly, the one recently made, that Edward Lytton Bulwer is a writer equal to Sir Walter Scott! The author of *Pelham*, *Devereux*, and the *Disowned*, equal to the author of *Waverley*! And this is in strict accordance with the spirit of the age, which is characterized by nothing so much as mutability and love of change. The Athenians grew tired of always hearing Aristides called "the just," and a section of the literary world are tired of hearing Sir Walter styled "the great," and have therefore set up this opposition idol, whose claims, they say, have been weighed in the balance and not found wanting. It has long been the fashion to estimate men of genius after the manner of "Plutarch's Lives," by their comparative rather than their positive merits, and some singular, and it is now confessed, outrageous comparisons, have been instituted. By many of the writers of his own time Shakspeare was adjudged to be *inferior* to Ben Jonson; but with this solitary exception, the hardihood of the preceding assertion has perhaps never been equalled. To be sure, for some time past, Sir Walter Scott, like the Bay of Naples, has been a standard for small comparisons; and the several admirers of all the second and third-rate novelists

have been endeavoring to exalt their particular favorites by insinuating that "the northern magician would have to look well to his laurels," or that "the great unknown must be content to bear a rival near his throne," and such half-way phrases; but this is the first time a direct claim of *equality* has been put in—nay, some have asserted Mr. Bulwer's superiority, but that appeared to be carrying the joke a little too far. These valuable and extraordinary critics have for the most part been content to make known their opinions to the public, without stating the grounds and causes on which they are based. Like persons who have resolved on committing a rash action, they at once bolt forth their assertion of equality, and then, as if aghast at their own temerity, dare not approach the question a second time, coolly to give their reasons for what they have advanced.

The admirers of the author of *Waverley* may quietly and calmly invite comparison, and they can afford to do it in a spirit of the utmost candor and liberality, for there is little occasion to exalt their favorite (if that were possible) by the depreciation of any writer whatever. Render unto Mr. Bulwer all that can reasonably be claimed for him, (and he has proved that he has many noble qualifications for an author,) yet what does that all amount to in

comparison with the merits of Scott? Mr. Bulwer is a man of talent if not of genius, a fine thinker and a ripe scholar; his mind is rich in classical lore and philosophic reflection; his style is polished and nervous, impassioned and harmonious, and he has produced three works of great and varied merit, *Pelham*, *the Disowned*, and *Devereux*; but is this to put him at once on an equality with the man who has conceived and executed those glorious and imperishable series of works known by the name of the "Waverley novels"—a world within themselves, teeming with living, breathing characters, stamped with nature's impress—abounding in descriptions as vivid and magnificent as ever poet fancied or painter drew, and filled with humor and pathos that flow from a source as prodigal and inexhaustible as the widow's cruise;—a "new edition of human nature," as it were, in its most picturesque forms? To place him on a level with one who has done more for literature, both in quantity and quality, with the single exception of Shakspeare, than any man since Noah left the ark? As Othello says, " 'tis monstrous!"

But to come to particulars. Much has been said of the qualifications Mr. Bulwer possesses, though but scant mention has been made of those in which he is deficient. His first great point of inferiority to

Sir Walter is lack of dramatic power—he is a descriptive, the other a dramatic portrayer of men and manners. Sir Walter introduces his personages in some gipsy encampment, old change-house, or ancient hostelry, hits off their costume and personal appearance, and then leaves them to make their acquaintance with the reader in their own way. Mr. Bulwer describes his characters—their actions and their motives for those actions, at full length, before he allows them to open their lips, fearful, it would seem, that their identity might be mistaken, like the painter who wrote under his productions the necessary and significant information, “this is a horse” and “this is an ass.” Hence it is, that one *creates* characters, while the other merely *describes* them. In the hands of the one they become instinct with life and animation; with the other they are but pictures, which owe their value to the skill and coloring of the artist. After perusing Bulwer, who remembers and quotes the language of his characters as they do those of Meg Merrilies, Dirk Hatterick, Rob Roy, Helen Macgregor, Effie Deans, or any of the thousand creations that “live and move and have their being” in the pages of the Scotch novelist? The studied denunciations of a Sir Reginald Glanville, though invested with all the power and energy of the writer, will, somehow

or other, slip from our minds; but who ever forgets the threats of old Meg Merrilies to Godfrey Bertram, or the homely yet wild and picturesque language in which they are clad? The one does without effort what the other with all his efforts cannot do; the sayings and doings of Mr. Bulwer's personages wax vague and indistinct almost as soon as the volume is closed, while those of Scott are stamped upon our memory, and pass not away.

In the pathetic, though strenuous exertions are made, the powers of Mr. Bulwer are evidently limited, at least in comparison. He writes page after page of description, filled with dashes, italics, adjectives and epithets, but it will not do. There is nothing to touch the heart in the wrought-up description of the sufferings of his Gertrude Douglas compared with the simple history of Effie Deans, and the affecting picture of the interviews between her and her sister Jeanie in prison. After reading them over, we feel that we would not part with the novel which contains them for all Mr. Bulwer has written, or is likely to write. That gentleman is very fond of similes and very skilful in their selection and application, but when did he ever equal the following in simple and appropriate beauty, or clothe it in language so perfectly—but that is not it—when did he ever write a single passage impregnated with

such a gush of natural feeling as this, where “*puir Effie,*” the withered lily of St. Leonard’s, thus speaks of herself?—“*And what am I,*” said she to Jeanie, “*but a poor wasted wan-thriven tree, dug up by the roots, and flung out to waste in the highway, that man and beast may tread it under foot? I thought o’ the bonny bit thorn that our father rooted out o’ the yard last May when it had a’ the flush o’ blossoms on it; and then it lay in the court till the beasts had trod them a’ in pieces with their feet. I little thought when I was wae for the silly green bush and its flowers, that I was to gang the same gait mysel!*”—Yet this is but one stroke from a pen that has scattered thousands of similar passages, like wild flowers, over his works.

On this ground the shadow of equality cannot be claimed. But take any other—take that on which Mr. Bulwer has been thought to excel.—There are few things he appears to have bestowed more pains upon than the history of Sir Reginald Glanville; he has striven to impart to it all the effect of which he was capable, and the sufferer, in language energetic and profuse, pours forth the detail of his wrongs, his blighted hopes and withered feelings. But does this make an equal impression on the reader with the reckless, careless account given of himself by Nanty Ewart, the smuggling

captain of the *Jumping Jenny*? Yet all the advantages are on the side of the former; he is a gentleman, and undebased by low and vulgar associations, while the other is a drunkard, an outcast, and a vagabond; yet, strange to say, Nanty Fwart with his low-life confessions is a much more interesting personage than the baronet with his elegant distresses. And why is this, but because of the reality of the picture? The one tells you of his woes, and that enjoyment and hope have passed away, but you do not realize that such is the fact; the other asks no sympathy, but his snatches of old songs, his reckless levity and desperate jocularities, make you feel that a ruined and broken-hearted man is before you. It may be added, that the one has been frequently quoted as a choice specimen of Mr. Bulwer's powers, while the other has never been noted as marked with more than the ordinary talent of Scott.

But if the author of *Pelham* is deficient in the pathetic, his attempts at humor are melancholy in the extreme.* In the worst passages of the worst novelists can any thing more meagre or miserable be picked out than his Mr. Morris Brown or Dr.

* This was written previous to the publication of *Paul Clifford*, certainly the most fortunate of Mr. Bulwer's works in this particular.

Bossleton? The *humor* of the former consists in being clad in garments the color of his name, and talking about a Mrs. Minden; the latter in repeating the termination of every sentence twice, only reversing the order of the words; yet notwithstanding this slender stock in trade, the author seems to take an absolute pleasure in the introduction of Mr. Brown, and spins him through many a tedious page. When the reader does meet with a paragraph provocative of a smile, it is the descriptive talent of Mr. Bulwer in sketching an absurd character, and not the humor belonging to the character itself. For instance, the description in Pelham of Monsieur Margot's person is very good; but when he brings him to act in what he intends for a laughable situation, as in the affair of the basket and Mrs. Green, it is lame and labored in the highest degree, and the end of the chapter becomes a "consummation devoutly to be wished."

From these abortive attempts turn to the pages of the author of Waverley, and what a mine of humor is to be found in every volume! How rich is the vein, how varied, and how inexhaustible! You have it in every shape—the humor of description, of situation, and of the words and actions of the characters in the scene. And how spontaneous, how perfectly natural and appropriate is the kind

with which each character is imbued. It is no patch-work business—no continued iteration of a quaint phrase, that might be put into the mouth of one person as well as another—not a habit, a trick of custom, that can be got rid of, like a cold, by a little care—but real, genuine, hearty humor, as much a part of the personages in whom it is invested, as their appetites and animal affections. Nothing can be more distinct than the humor of Cuddie Headrigge the ploughman and Ratcliffe the thief and thieftaker, of Edie Ochiltree and Jonathan Oldbuck, of Captain Dalgetty and Dominie Sampson, of Caleb Balderstone and Bartoline Saddletree, or of Baillie Nichol Jarvie and the Laird of Dumbekies. And this quality is made to bear compound interest when two of these worthies are brought into collision, and their peculiarities exhibited in the strongest light by their different ways of viewing and expressing themselves on a particular subject, like the antiquary Oldbuck and the old gaberlunzie Edie Ochiltree holding discourse about the Roman fortifications. Some of the scenes in which these and other characters figure, are as rich as any thing in English literature—as natural and marked with the same profound insight into character and attention to minutiae as those of Fielding, but more highly colored, and as broad and ludi-

crous as Smollett's, but without their coarseness. There is the fine scene in *Old Mortality* where the soldiers come to the miser Milnwood's house and seize Henry Morton. What a group is there—what a glorious subject for a painter ! The spare, pinched form and features of the old miser Milnwood, his gallant and handsome nephew (worth all Mr. Bulwer's speech-making, compliment-making, diplomatic heroes,) the fine old housekeeper Alison Wilson, the prim, scraggy, puritanical Mause, groaning in spirit, and “nursing her wrath to keep it warm,” the solid-looking and apparently stupid Cuddie, and the bold, profligate Bothwell. What interest in the action and contrast in the faces, and expression of the faces ! It would make the fortune of any artist who could do this scene justice. And then the dialogue : old Mause testifying against the proceedings of Bothwell and his dragoons, and uplifting her voice in order that “by her means Master Henry might be delivered like a bird from the net of the fowler !” and Cuddie's expostulations with his mother “anent” her testifications, and the fine contrast between her spiritual aspirations and his longing after homely temporalities ; then the account of Mause and the Rev. Gabriel Kettle-drummle's being carried into captivity by the men of Belial ; and again, Dominie Sampson and all

the transactions in which he is concerned, particularly his manœuvre to recover Lucy Bertram from her fainting fit by the application of scalding water ; and Caleb Balderstone's contrivances ; and the matrimonial dialogues between Mr. and Mrs. Saddle-tree, and so on, *ad infinitum*. It is dangerous to commence quoting from those novels, for there is no knowing where to stop. Perhaps the best way to make manifest Sir Walter Scott's superiority over every other novelist, would be to merely give the titles of his works and enumerate the characters contained in them ; the appeal of so many old acquaintances to the recollections of the public would be irresistible.

To "copy nature," is a general and indiscriminate piece of advice more applicable to a painter than an author, though addressed to either it is looked upon as a pithy and profound injunction. Now to copy nature in her every-day forms, is neither difficult nor desirable. To report the slip-slop conversation of a tea-table is to copy nature, and the more literal the copy the less the skill required ; but to be *true* to nature—to anticipate her, and make human beings in extraordinary situations and agitated by strong and conflicting passions, act and speak as she would make them act and speak in such situations—to make them do and say that

which the reader has no conception of beforehand, but which, the moment he has read it, flashes upon him as the only thing they ought or could have done and said, is a power that few mortals are gifted with, and it remains to be shown that Mr. Bulwer is one of them. His characters have none of the flippant prittle-prattle of common conversation put into their mouths ; on the contrary, they are in the opposite extreme, and many times talk and act as men and women never talk and acted before. They harangue, first one a speech, and then the other a speech, by the page together, and are by far too didactic and declamatory. The following is *one* instance of this author's infelicitous adaptation of the language and actions of his personages to time, place, and circumstances. The scene is a midnight assassination, where Algernon Mordaunt falls by the hand of the conspirator Wolfe. Clarence Linden catches him as he falls, and with his murdered friend in his arms, and the murderer standing beside him, gives vent to his feelings in the following pertinent and appropriate interrogation :—" Oh where—where—when this man—the wise, the kind, the innocent, almost the perfect, falls thus in the prime of existence, by a sudden blow from an obscure hand—unblest in life, inglorious in death—oh ! where—where is this boasted triumph of virtue, or where is its reward ?"

Would nature or Sir Walter Scott have made any man prate after this fashion under such circumstances? True, the author endeavors to soften down the absurdity by saying that Linden was unconscious of the presence of the assassin, but it is easier for the reader to be told so, than for him to believe it. A maiden in such a situation with her lover, or a mother with her child, might be unconscious of any thing save the object they were hanging over—but men and politicians—common friends, and the surviving friend cool and collected enough to question the decrees of fate “in good set terms”—for such a one to forget the murderer at his elbow, is one of those remarkable instances of abstraction that very seldom occur, except in a French tragedy; and it may be very good French-tragedy nature, but that is about all. If Linden had seized the assassin and called the watch, it would have been a more natural sort of proceeding, and much more in accordance with Mr. Bulwer’s utilitarian principles.

The forte of this writer appears to be eloquent declamation—melancholy, fervid, or despairing, but still declamation. (The terms “melancholy” and “despairing” declamation may sound strange, but perhaps they are not inapplicable to some passages in Mr. B.’s works.) In Mordaunt it is calm, me-

lancholy, and philosophic ; fervid and impassioned in the republican Wolfe ; desperate and despairing in the villain Crauford ; and by turns bitter and enthusiastic in the painter Warner.* This is an imposing but not very difficult kind of writing, and the real talent employed in it generally passes for more than it is worth. This author's is of the best description, and though certainly the "passion sleeps," it cannot be added that the "declamation roars ;" it often softens down into moralizing reflection, in which the similes and images employed are frequently beautiful, and the language in which they are clothed flowing and melodious, and, when occasion demands, nervous and vigorous ; but it is not all this—no, nor judiciously introduced classical allusions and quotations—nor ingenious refutations of common-place maxims and opinions—nor brilliant and antithetical aphorisms, that is to elevate a man to an equality with the author of the Scotch novels, to say nothing of the English ones. But it in no way detracts from Mr. Bulwer's reputation as a fine writer, to say that Walter Scott is immensely superior to him ; after that wonderful man he is

* The feelings and sufferings of Warner have a striking resemblance to those of the Italian painter Correggio, as depicted in a tragedy of that name, a review of which is to be found in one of the early numbers of Blackwood's Magazine.

undoubtedly the most popular novelist of the day. He may, in the novelty and excitement attending his debut be both over and under-rated, but

“ Time at last sets all things even,”

and he will doubtless find his proper level, which we think will be far above the mass of his contemporaries—a little higher than the writer of the O'Hara tales, and some degrees below the author of Anastasius.

But for thee, good Sir Walter ! the time is yet to come when thou wilt receive the fulness of thy fame. The present generation admire and applaud thee, the future will feel a deeper and holier reverence for thee; and the language in which thou hast immortalized thyself is one that is fast spreading in every quarter of this habitable globe. Over the illimitable regions of this continent wilt thou be read and worshipped ; in distant India and the yet untrodden wildernesses of Australasia will thy name be known; and the time may come when the British Isles will be but as specks of earth to the boundless countries that will speak their language and treasure up their glorious literature. Then will the halls of Abbotsford become “ pilgrim shrines,” and every decayed memorial that speaks of thee a relic. And when the tide of population shall have poured over the

mountain barrier, filling every highland glen with cotton factories—and “weavers, spinners and such mechanical persons” erect their looms in the very country of Rob Roy, the wild warriors and plaided chieftains that once trod those rugged glens and heathery hills will still live in thy undying page, and thou wilt be the connecting link between a present and a past age—the chronicler of the “tales of the times of old, and deeds of the days of other years.” What strange and savage customs—what deadly feuds—what wild legends—what furious passions and fierce fidelity lay concealed behind those mountains that gird the highlands, and which, but for thee, would have passed unrecorded to oblivion; but as the prophet of old smote the rock and the waters gushed forth, so didst thou, with thy magic wand, touch those highland hills, and the whole billowy scene lay disclosed to view! Then the bloody lowland and English wars, what an historian would they have missed; and though upon the border side,

“The glaring bale-fires blaze no more,”

and the “gallant Gordons” and thieving Armstrongs and Elliotts keep honest snuff and tobacco-nist shops in Kelso and Jedburgh, yet shall not the bitter feuds and midnight forays of their law-

less, fearless ancestors be forgotten. And when time shall have made a brick and mortar land of England—when some future Manchester or Birmingham perchance stands reeking and smoking where the merry forest of Sherwood stood, still will its verdant glades once “clad in England’s fadeless green,” and its strong and towering oaks look fresh and unwithered in thy pages. How will the future dwell upon the courtly pageantries of Kenilworth and the knightly chivalry of Ivanhoe—and the ridings and onslaughts of the border barons—and the gatherings of the clans in the seventy-six; and thy native humor will brighten many an eye, and thy touches of homely natural feeling thrill in many a bosom yet unborn. Thousands will laugh and weep with thee in thy works when the kind heart and capacious head that conceived them are clods of the valley; and

“As long as the thistle and heather shall wave”

will thy memory be worshipped and thy name treasured up in the hearts of posterity.

A WALK IN BROADWAY.*

RÉADER ! gentle or ungentle ! if thou for a moment supposest that I, in placing this or any other forthcoming paper under the same title as the essays of Samuel Johnson, have the slightest intention of being as grave, as learned, as wise and as eloquent as the worthy doctor, be not alarmed : read but to the end of this lucubration, and thou wilt be convinced that no such outrage against the prevailing taste of the times is intended. I do not say but that I could be all this, if it so pleased me ; but I hope I have too much discretion, as well as too strong a desire to be read, to harbor the smallest thought of gravity or wisdom in an age when startling paradoxes have such a decided advantage over sober truths. Antiquated authors like Steele, Addison, Goldsmith, or Johnson, who are now, indeed, fast falling into deserved oblivion, but whose *names*

* This essay was No. 1 of a series published under the title of the Rambler.

may possibly be remembered by a few of the most erudite of this generation, wrote to instruct ; their wiser descendants aim at the higher province of amusement ; and a writer that is now detected attempting to be useful, is justly looked upon as no better than he should be. If any instruction is to be administered, it must be as pills are to children—smothered in sweetmeats. The grand secret of composition now-a-days (except among the highest,) is to be flippant, fantastical, and unfeeling, together with the judicious use of notes of exclamation and interrogation, and a copious admixture of dashes and asterisks. But this is foreign to the matter in hand.

I have been a wanderer for the major part of my sinful life in different parts of the globe, and among other places have frequently wandered up and down Broadway, a street situated on a small island between the East and North rivers in the state of New-York, and which the inhabitants of the said small island boast of as being the finest promenade in the United States, much to the discomfort of the mild and equable citizens of the neighboring city of Philadelphia, who, upon the hearing of such an assertion, wax exceeding wrothful, and straightway commence talking, with great energy and animation, of butter and water. At first I could not per-

ceive the connexion ; but was afterwards given to understand, that as Broadway and business were the boast of New-York, so were pure water and excellent butter the distinguished attributes of Philadelphia ; and that the one was invariably used as a set-off against the other ! (In what strange ways, and after what strange fashions, will not men claim distinction !) Nay, to such a height has this frantic lust of pre-eminence been carried, that blood has been spilt, and the peace of families wrecked, upon the butter question ; and a New-York merchant tenderly attached to, beloved by, and upon the brink of marriage with, a Philadelphia heiress, after a three years' struggle against numerous rivals and difficulties, actually lost the lady at last by audaciously and pertinaciously affirming, that "the butter was good enough, but nothing to make a noise about !"

Broadway, however, is a very fine street, the longest, it is said, in a direct line, in the world. There is not any thing particularly splendid in it, and the stores, in general, are neither large nor elegant, with an unseemly disproportion of lottery-offices among them ; but the almost unbroken line of respectable houses, neatly painted, and shaded by lofty trees, gives it an air of substantial comfort, and at the same time of lightness and

freshness, highly desirable. It is pleasant to stroll along it; or, indeed, the principal street of any large city. What a motley group of beings—alike, yet how different—are daily pressing and hurrying over its pavements! What a multiplicity of hopes, and fears, and petty plans, and lofty schemes, are unceasingly fermenting in the bosom of every individual that moves along the narrow footwalks! Yet it is not the variety of human passions that makes the wonder, for joy and sorrow, love and hate, pride, vanity, interest, and ambition are common to all; but the endless combinations formed by those passions according to the different degrees in which they preponderate and act on different individuals, and on the same individuals in different situations. Take up an arithmetic, and ten simple figures form the ground-work; yet how many million combinations, and no two alike, can be created by these ten figures. So it is with man and his concerns. And still, despite the individual variety, what a general sameness prevails. The hopes, and cares, and joys, and sorrows of one day are like the hopes, and cares, and joys, and sorrows of the next; and the same drama that is hourly felt and acted in the streets of New-York, is playing with equal animation amid the wealth and smoke of London, and the sunshine and poverty

of Naples—the gravity of Madrid, and the gaiety of Paris. Two thousand years ago, the “eternal city” had her belles and beaux, her flirts and dandies (a Roman dandy!)—and two thousand years hence, or less time, will the cannibals of New-Zealand have eschewed war dances and raw victuals, and have their blue-stocking tea-parties, biscuit and lemonade *soirees*, French cooks, and fashionable quadrilles, as well as anybody. All is still

“ The everlasting to be, that hath been ;”

and the probability is, that the antediluvians wrote poetry, told lies, wore whiskers, and cheated their neighbors, just as we do now.

It is also pleasant, as well as curious and profitable, in roaming through a large city, to contrast its present with its former situation—to compare what it has been with what it is, and to speculate on what it may be. New-York, to be sure, is not rich in historical recollections, for she is comparatively a thing of yesterday. In walking her streets we do not feel as in the ancient capitals of Europe, that our footsteps, perchance, fall on the very places where those of the mighty dead have fallen before us. In the older streets of London, we know that we are walking where Richard, Duke of Gloucester,

“high-reaching Buckingham,” or Harry Hotspur, actually walked, and that Shakspeare and Milton familiarly trod even where we then tread ; or the High-street of Edinburgh—where the Leslie and the Seyton, the Gordon and the Douglass, were wont foolishly and gallantly to stab and dirk each other for the “crown o’ the causeway.” True, all is now common-place and familiar ; the merchant plods homeward with his umbrella under his arm, instead of his rapier by his side. But great as the change is there from the past to the present, it has still been gradual. Step by step have they toiled their way from barbarism to civilization. Here, it has been as the shifting of the scenery in a play, rather than sober reality. It is but as the other day when the forest flourished where now “merchants most do congregate,” and the streamlet murmured where the gin-shop stands. The council-fires blazed and the sachems spoke to their young men where now the honorable Richard Riker and the honorable the corporation hold “long talks” about small matters. The wigwam sent its tiny wreaths of smoke into the clear air, where now the bank coffee-house pours forth volumes of odoriferous steam to mingle with the masses of vapor that overhang the city like a cloud ; and its tables groan with “all the delicacies of the season” where the

deer from the wood and the fish from the stream, were cooked and eaten without the aid of pepper and salt—two of the greatest blessings of civilization.

And not more different than the scenes were the actors concerned in them. Step aside, good reader, and mark them as they now pass along Broadway. The first is one but little known to Indian life—one who lives by the folly and roguery of the fools and rogues around him—a lawyer. He is clad in solemn black, as if that were ominous of the gloom which follows in his train. What would the Indian, with his untaught natural sense of right and wrong, think of this man's "quiddets, his quilletts, his cases, his tenures and his tricks;" and of "his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers and his recoveries?" Alas! the poor Indian has but too deeply felt his power and the power of his brethren in the modern "black art." They conjured away his pleasant haunts "under the greenwood tree," his silver streams teeming with life, his beautiful lakes and fair hunting grounds, all "according to law," and left him a string of beads and a bottle of fire-water, a bruised heart and a broken spirit in their place. Here comes another product of the present times, neither rare nor valuable, indigenous to Broadway, and

flourishing there in peculiar rankness ; a modern Sir Fopling Flutter, of whom it may well be said with the poet,

“ Nature disclaims the thing—a tailor made him !”

Mark with what affected effeminacy the full-grown baby lounges along, and the air of listless indifference or slightly awakened surprise with which it is his pleasure to regard a fine woman ; but what, indeed, are all the women in the world to this caricature of manhood, in comparison with his own sweet self? Anon, another variety of the same genus appears, quite as contemptible, not so amusing, and a great deal more disagreeable. This is your ruffian-dandy ; one who affects a dashing carelessness in his dress and deportment, wears good clothes in a very ill fashion, and has generally a checked shirt, a sailor's hat, or some other article of dress sufficiently different from the ordinary costume of those around him to render him an object of notoriety. Mark the easy dignity of that swagger as he rolls along, staring impudently at all the women and frowning valiantly at all the men, as if he expected every moment to be insulted, and was afraid his courage might not be screwed up “ to the sticking place.” A sort of personage not unlike Mike Lambourne in Kenilworth, allowing

for the modifications of the times. But lo ! what comes next—dame nature's loveliest work, a woman ; but, heaven and earth ! how the mantua-maker has spoiled her ! Why, what frippery have we here ? Silks and lace, ribbons and gauze, feathers, flowers, and flounces ! Not but that these are all excellent things in their way, when judiciously used ; but to see them all clustered, as in the present instance, on one woman at one time, is what the proverb states to be “ too much of a good thing,” or what the poet-terms “ wasteful and ridiculous excess.” Then look at those sleeves in which her arms are lost, and that acre of hat upon her head, with a sufficiency of wheat ears and flowers on it, were they real, to feed a family or stock a garden. And see ! as far as the eye can reach it rests on colors as varied and fantastical as the butterflies in summer or the leaves in autumn, in which the *dear* creatures have arrayed themselves. Oh, matrimony, matrimony ! thou art indeed becoming a luxury in which the rich and opulent alone will be able to indulge. Nine small children might be supported, but to deck out one of Eve's daughters in this fashion three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, is what nothing but a prize in the lottery or a profitable bankruptcy is equal to.—Still on they pass in throngs : the

grave and thoughtful student, abstracted from all around, building up his day-dream of fame, fortune, and beauty, and then in love with the cunning coinage of his own brain ; and the rich old merchant, not in love with any thing but still in raptures, for cotton has risen an eighth. On they pass, the whiskered Don, the sallow Italian, the bulky Englishman, and the spare Frenchman, all as eager (as a professed moralist might say,) in the pursuit of business and pleasure, as if enjoyment were perpetual and life eternal : and all this where, but a little while ago, the wolf made his lair, and the savage his dwelling-place. Verily, as a profound German philosopher acutely though cautiously observed—"let a man live long enough, and it is probable he will see many changes,"

STEAM.

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.—*Byron.*

Modern philosophy, anon,
Will, at the rate she's rushing on,
Yoke lightning to her railroad-car,
And, posting like a shooting star,
Swift as a solar radiation
Ride the grand circuit of creation !—*Anon.*

I HAVE a bilious friend, who is a great admirer and imitator of Lord Byron ; that is, he affects misanthropy, masticates tobacco, has his shirts made without collars, calls himself a miserable man, and writes poetry with a glass of gin-and-water before him. His gin, though far from first-rate, is better than his poetry ; the latter, indeed, being worse than that of many authors of the present day, and scarcely fit even for an album ; however, he does not think so, and makes a great quantity. At his lodgings, a few evenings ago, among other morbid productions, he read me one entitled "Steam," written in very blank verse, and evidently modelled after the noble poet's

"Darkness," in which he takes a bird's-eye view of the world two or three centuries hence, describes things in general, and comes to a conclusion with, "Steam was the universe!" Whether it was the fumes arising from this piece of "written" vapor, or whether I had unconsciously imbibed more holands than my temperate habits allow of, I cannot say, but I certainly retired to bed like Othello, "perplexed in the extreme." There was no "dreamless sleep" for me that night, and Queen Mab drove full gallop through every nook and cranny of my brain. Strange and fantastical visions floated before me, till at length came one with all the force and clearness of reality.

I thought I stood upon a gentle swell of ground, and looked down on the scene beneath me. It was a pleasant sight, and yet a stranger might have passed it by unheeded; but to me it was as the green spot in the desert, for there I recognised the haunts of my boyhood. There was the wild common on which I had so often scampered "frae mornin sun till dine," skirted by the old wood, through which the burn stole tinkling to the neighboring river. There was the little ivy-covered church with its modest spire and immoveable weathercock, and clustering around lay the village that I knew contained so many kind and loving hearts. All looked

just as it did on the summer morning when I left it, and went wandering over this weary world. To me the very trees possessed an individuality; the branches of the old oak (there was but one) seemed to nod familiarly towards me, the music of the rippling water fell pleasantly on my ear, and the passing breeze murmured of "home, sweet home." The balmy air was laden with the hum of unseen insects, and filled with the fragrance of a thousand common herbs and flowers; and to my eyes the place looked prettier and pleasanter than any they have since rested on. As I gazed, the "womanish moisture" made dim my sight, and I felt that yearning of the heart which every man who has a soul feels—let him go where he will, or reason how he will—on once more beholding the spot where the only pure, unsullied part of his existence passed away.—Suddenly the scene changed. The quiet, smiling village vanished, and a busy, crowded city occupied its place. The wood was gone, the brook dried up, and the common cut to pieces and covered with a kind of iron gangways. I looked upon the surrounding country, if country it could be called, where vegetable nature had ceased to exist. The neat, trim gardens, the verdant lawns and swelling uplands, the sweet-scented meadows and waving corn-fields were all swept

away, and fruit, and flowers, and herbage, appeared to be things uncared for and unknown. Houses and factories, and turnpikes and railroads, were scattered all around, and along the latter, as if propelled by some unseen, infernal power, monstrous machines flew with inconceivable swiftness. People were crowding and jostling each other on all sides. I mingled with them, but they were not like those I had formerly known—they walked, talked, and transacted business of all kinds with astonishing celerity. Every thing was done in a hurry ; they eat, drank, and slept in a hurry ; they danced, sung, and made love in a hurry ; they married, died, and were buried in a hurry, and resurrection-men had them out of their graves before they well knew they were in them. Whatever was done, was done upon the high-pressure principle. No person stopped to speak to another in the street ; but as they moved rapidly on their way, the men talked faster than the women do now, and the women talked twice as fast as ever. Many were bald, and on asking the reason, I was given to understand they had been great travelers, and that the rapidity of modern conveyances literally scalped those who journeyed much in them, sweeping whiskers, eye-brows, eye-lashes, in fact, every thing in any way moveable, from their faces. Animal life

appeared to be extinct; carts and carriages came rattling down the highways horseless and driverless, and wheelbarrows trundled along without any visible agency. Nature was out of fashion, and the world seemed to get along tolerably well without her.

At the foot of the street my attention was attracted by a house they were building of prodigious dimensions, being no less than seventeen stories high. On the top of it several men were at work, when, dreadful to relate, the foot of one of them slipped, and he was precipitated to the earth with a fearful crash. Judge of my horror and indignation on observing the crowd pass unheeding by, scarcely deigning to cast a look on their fellow-creature, who doubtless lay weltering in his water, and the rest of the workmen went on with their various avocations without a moment's pause in consequence of the accident. On approaching the spot, I heard several in passing murmur the most incomprehensible observations. "Only a steam man," said one. "Won't cost much," said another. "His boiler overcharged, I suppose," cried a third, "the way in which all these accidents happen!" and true enough, there lay a man of tin and sheet-iron, weltering in hot water. The superintendent of the concern, who was not a steam man, but made of

the present materials, gave it as his opinion that the springs were damaged, and the steam-vessels a little ruptured, but not much harm done, and straightway sent the corpse to the blacksmith's (who was a flesh-and-blood man) to be repaired. Here was then at once a new version of the old Greek fable, and modern Prometheuses were actually as "plentiful as blackberries." In fact, I found upon inquiry, that society was now divided into two great classes, living and "locomotive" men, the latter being much the better and honester people of the two ; and a fashionable political economist, of the name of Malthus, a lineal descendant of an ancient, and it appears rather inconsistent system-monger, had just published an elaborate pamphlet, showing the manifold advantages of propagating those no-provender-consuming individuals in preference to any other. So that it appeared, that any industrious mechanic might in three months have a full-grown family about him, with the full and comfortable assurance that, as the man says in Chrononhotonthologos, "they were all his own and none of his neighbors."

These things astonished, but they also perplexed and wearied me. My spirit grew sick, and I longed for the old world again, and its quiet and peaceable modes of enjoyment. I had no fellowship with the

two new races of beings around me, and nature and her charms were no more. All things seemed forced, unnatural, unreal—indeed, little better than barefaced impositions. I sought the banks of my native river; it alone remained unchanged. The noble stream flowed gently and tranquilly as of yore, but even here impertinent man had been at work, and pernicious railroads were formed to its very verge. I incautiously crossed one of them, trusting to my preconceived notions of time and space, the abhorred engine being about three quarters of a mile from me, but scarcely had I stepped over, when it flew whizzing past the spot I had just quitted, and catching me in its eddy, spun me around like a top under the lash. It was laden with passengers, and went with headlong fury straight towards the river. Its fate seemed inevitable—another instant and it would be immersed in the waves, when lo! it suddenly sunk into the bosom of the earth, and in three seconds was ascending a perpendicular hill on the opposite bank of the river. I was petrified, and gazed around with an air of helpless bewilderment, when a gentleman, who was doubtless astonished at my astonishment, shouted in passing, “What’s the fellow staring at?” and another asked “if I had never seen a tunnel before?”

Like Lear, "my wits began to turn." I wished for some place where I might hide myself from all around, and turned instinctively to the spot where the village ale-house used to stand. But where, alas! was the neat thatched cottage that was wont so often to

"impart

An hour's importance to the poor man's heart?"

Gone! and in its place stood a huge fabric, labelled "Grand Union Railroad Hotel." But here also it was steam, steam, nothing but steam! The rooms were heated by steam, the beds were made and aired by steam, and instead of a pretty, red-lipped, rosy-cheeked chambermaid, there was a cursed machine-man smóothing down the pillows and bolsters with mathematical precision; the victuals were cooked by steam; yea, even the meat roasted by steam! Instead of the clean-swept hearth

"With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,"

there was a patent steam-stove, and the place was altogether hotter than any decent man would ever expect to have any thing to do with. Books and papers lay scattered on a table. I took up one of the former; it was filled with strange new phrases, all more or less relating to steam, of which I knew

nothing, but as far as I could make out the English of the several items, they ran somewhat thus :

“ *Another shocking catastrophe.*—As the warranted-safe locomotive smoke-consuming, fuel-providing steam-carriage Lightning, was this morning proceeding at its usual three-quarter speed of one hundred and twenty-seven miles an hour, at the junction of the Hannington and Slipsby rail-roads it unfortunately came in contact with the steam-carriage Snail, going about one hundred and five miles per hour. Of course both vehicles with their passengers were instantaneously reduced to an impalpable powder. The friends of the deceased have the consolation of knowing that no blame can possibly attach to the intelligent proprietors of the Lightning, it having been clearly ascertained that those of the Snail started their carriage full two seconds before the time agreed on, in order to obviate in some degree, the delay to which passengers were unavoidably subjected by the clumsy construction and tedious pace of their vehicle.”

“ *Melancholy accident.*—As a beautiful and accomplished young lady of the name of Jimps, a passenger in the Swift-as-thought-locomotive, was endeavoring to catch a flying glimpse of the new Steam University, her breathing apparatus unfortunately slipped from her mouth, and she was a

corpse in three quarters of a second. A young gentleman, who had been tenderly attached to her for several days, in the agony of his feelings withdrew his air tube and called for help ; he of course shared a similar fate. Too much praise cannot be given to the rest of the passengers, who, with inimitable presence of mind, prudently held their breathing-bladders to their mouths during the whole of this trying scene," &c.

A Liverpool paper stated that "The stock for the grand Liverpool and Dublin tunnel under the Irish channel, is nearly filled up." And a Glasgow one advocated the necessity of a floating wooden railroad between Scotland and the Isle of Man, in order to do away with the tiresome steamboat navigation. I took up a volume of poems, but the similes and metaphors were all steam ; all their ideas of strength, and power, and swiftness, referred to steam only, and a sluggish man was compared to a greyhound. I looked into a modern dictionary for some light on these subjects, but got none, except finding hundreds of curious definitions, such as these :

" *Horse*, s. an animal of which but little is now known. Old writers affirm that there were at one time several thousands in this country."

" *Tree*, s. a vegetable production ; once plenti-

ful in these parts, and still to be found in remote districts."

"*Tranquillity*, s. obsolete ; an unnatural state of existence, to which the ancients were very partial. The word is to be met with in several old authors," &c. &c.

In despair I threw down the book, and rushed out of the house. It was mid-day, but a large theatre was open, and the people were pouring in. I entered with the rest, and found that whatever changes had taken place, money was still money. They were playing Hamlet by steam, and this was better than any other purpose to which I had seen it applied. The automata really got along wonderfully well, their speaking faculties being arranged upon the barrel-organ principle greatly improved, and they roared, and bellowed, and strutted, and swung their arms to and fro as sensibly as many admired actors. Unfortunately in the grave scene, owing to some mechanical misconstruction, Hamlet exploded, and in doing so, entirely demolished one of the grave-diggers, carried away a great part of Laertes, and so injured the rest of the *dramatis personæ* that they went off one after the other like so many crackers, filling the house with heated vapor. I made my escape, but on reaching the street, things there were ten times worse than ever.

It was the hour for stopping and starting the several carriages, and no language can describe the state of the atmosphere. Steam was generating and evaporating on all sides—the bright sun was obscured—the people looked par-boiled, and the neighboring fisherman's lobsters changed color on the instant; even the steam inhabitants appeared uncomfortably hot. I could scarcely breathe—there was a blowing, a roaring, a hissing, a fizzing, a whizzing going on all around—fires were blazing, water was bubbling, boilers were bursting—when, lo! I suddenly awoke and found myself in a state of profuse perspiration. I started up, ran to the window, and saw several milkmen and bakers' carts, with horses in them, trotting merrily along. I was a thankful man. I put on my clothes, and while doing so, made up my mind to read no more manuscript poems, and eschew gin-and water for the time to come.

BIOGRAPHY OF JACOB HAYS.*

He is a man, take him for all in all
We shall not look upon his like again.—*Shaks.*

Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to your acquaintance, Baron *Nabem*, a person who has a very *taking* way with him.—*Tom and Jerry.*

PERHAPS there is no species of composition so generally interesting and truly delightful as minute and indiscriminate biography, and it is pleasant to perceive how this taste is gradually increasing. The time is apparently not far distant when every man will be found busy writing the life of his neighbor, and expect to have his own written in return, interspersed with original anecdotes, extracts from epistolary correspondence, the exact hours at which he was in the habit of going to bed at night and getting up in the morning, and other miscellaneous and useful information carefully selected and judiciously arranged. Indeed, it is whispered that the editors of this paper† intend to take Longworth's

* This was written during an awful prevalence of biographies.

† The New-York Mirror.

Directory for the groundwork, and give the private history of all the city alphabetically, without "fear or favor—love or affection." In Europe there exists an absolute biographical mania, and they are manufacturing lives of poets, painters, play-actors, peers, pugilists, pick-pockets, horse jockeys, and their horses, together with a great many people that are scarcely known to have existed at all. And the fashion now is not only to shadow forth the grand and striking outlines of a great man's character, and hold to view those qualities which elevated him above his species, but to go into the minutiae of his private life, and note down all the trivial expressions and every day occurrences in which, of course, he merely spoke and acted like any ordinary man. This not only affords employment for the exercise of the small curiosity and meddling propensities of his officious biographer, but is also highly gratifying to the general reader, inasmuch as it elevates him mightily in his own opinion to see it put on record that great men ate, drank, slept, walked, and sometimes talked just as he does. In giving the biography of the high constable of this city, I shall by all means avoid descending to undignified particulars; though I deem it important to state, before proceeding further, that there is not the slightest foundation for the report

a float that Mr. Hays has left off eating buckwheat cakes in a morning, in consequence of their lying too heavily on his stomach.

Where the subject of the present memoir was born, can be but of little consequence ; who were his father and mother, of still less ; and how he was bred and educated, of none at all. I shall therefore pass over this division of his existence in eloquent silence, and come at once to the period when he attained the acmé of constabulatory power and dignity by being created high constable of this city and its suburbs ; and it may be remarked, in passing, that the honorable the corporation, during their long and unsatisfactory career, never made an appointment more creditable to themselves, more beneficial to the city, more honorable to the country at large, more imposing in the eye of foreign nations, more disagreeable to all rogues, nor more gratifying to honest men, than that of the gentleman whom we are biographizing, to the high office he now holds. His acuteness and vigilance have become proverbial ; and there is not a misdeed committed by any member of this community, but he is speedily admonished that he will “ have old Hays [as he is affectionately and familiarly termed] after him.” Indeed, it is supposed by many that he is gifted with supernatural attributes, and can

see things that are hid from mortal ken ; or how, it is contended, is it possible that he should, as he does,

“ Bring forth the secret’st man of blood ?”

That he can discover “ undivulged crime”—that when a store has been robbed, he, without stop or hesitation, can march directly to the house where the goods are concealed, and say, “ these are they”—or, when a gentleman’s pocket has been picked, that, from a crowd of unsavory miscreants he can, with unerring judgment, lay his hand upon one and exclaim “ you’re wanted !”—or how is it that he is gifted with that strange principle of ubiquity that makes him “ here, and there, and everywhere” at the same moment ? No matter how, so long as the public reap the benefit ; and well may that public apostrophize him in the words of the poet :

“ Long may he live ! our city’s pride !
Where lives the rogue, but flies before him !
With trusty crabstick by his side,
And staff of office waving o’er him.”

But it is principally as a literary man that we would speak of Mr. Hays. True, his poetry is “ unwritten,” as is also his prose ; and he has invariably expressed a decided contempt for philosophy,

music, rhetoric, the *belles lettres*, the fine arts, and in fact all species of composition excepting bailiff's warrants and bills of indictment—but what of that? The constitution of his mind is, even unknown to himself, decidedly poetical. And here I may be allowed to avail myself of another peculiarity of modern biography, namely, that of describing a man by what he is not. Mr. Hays has not the graphic power or antiquarian lore of Sir Walter Scott—nor the glittering imagery or voluptuous tenderness of Moore—nor the delicacy and polish of Rogers—nor the spirit of Campbell—nor the sentimentalism of Miss Landon—nor the depth and purity of thought and intimate acquaintance with nature of Bryant—nor the brilliant style and playful humor of Halleck—no, he is more in the petit larceny manner of Crabbe, with a slight touch of Byronic power and gloom. He is familiarly acquainted with all those interesting scenes of vice and poverty so fondly dwelt upon by that reverend chronicler of little villany, and if ever he can be prevailed upon to publish, there will doubtless be found a remarkable similarity in their works. His height is about five feet seven inches, but who makes his clothes we have as yet been unable to ascertain. His countenance is strongly marked,

and forcibly brings to mind the lines of Byron when describing his Corsair :

There was a laughing devil in his sneer
That raised emotions both of hate and fear ;
And where his glance of " apprehension," fell,
Hope withering fled, and mercy sighed, farewell !

Yet with all his great qualities, it is to be doubted whether he is much to be envied. His situation certainly has its disadvantages. Pure and blameless as his life is, his society is not courted—no man boasts of his friendship, and few indeed like even to own him for an intimate acquaintance. Wherever he goes his slightest action is watched and criticized ; and if he happen carelessly to lay his hand upon a gentleman's shoulder and whisper something in his ear, even that man, as if there were contamination in his touch, is seldom or never seen afterwards in decent society. Such things cannot fail to prey upon his feelings. But when did ever greatness exist without some penalty attached to it ?

The first time that ever Hays was pointed out to me, was one summer afternoon, when acting in his official capacity in the city-hall. The room was crowded in every part, and as he entered with a luckless wretch in his gripe, a low suppressed

murmur ran through the hall, as if some superior being had alighted in the midst of them. He placed the prisoner at the bar—a poor coatless individual, with scarcely any edging and no roof to his hat—to stand his trial for bigamy, and then, in a loud, authoritative tone, called out for “silence,” and there was silence. Again he spoke—“hats off there!” and the multitude became uncovered; after which he took his handkerchief out of his left-hand coat pocket, wiped his face, put it back again, looked sternly around, and then sat down. The scene was awful and impressive; but the odor was disagreeable in consequence of the heat acting upon a large quantity of animal matter congregated together. My olfactory organs were always lamentably acute: I was obliged to retire, and from that time to this, I have seen nothing, though I have heard much of the subject of this brief and imperfect, but, I trust, honest and impartial memoir.

Health and happiness be with thee, thou prince of constables—thou guardian of innocence—thou terror of evil doers and little boys! May thy years be many and thy sorrows few—may thy life be like a long and cloudless summer’s day, and may thy salary be increased! And when at last the

summons comes from which there is no escaping
—when the warrant arrives upon which no bail
can be put in—when thou thyself, that hast
“wanted” so many, art in turn “wanted and
must go;”

“Mayst thou fall

Into the grave as softly as the leaves
Of the sweet roses on an autumn eve,
Beneath the small sighs of the western wind,
Drop to the earth!”

LOVE OF CHANGE—HOUSE HUNTING.

Man never is, but always to be blest.—*Pope.*

THERE must be a great quantity of Dutch blood in this city, for the euphonious names of Vanbenschooten, Vanvredenburgh, Vanvoorhis, Vanoutersturp, Vanschaick, Vanbokkelin, Vanmeerbeekie, Vogel-sang, Vonck, Volk, Vogt, &c. are to be met with in every street, and at every corner ; but in what street or at what corner are to be found the still and tranquil virtues, the sedate and circumspect demeanor, the profound love of ease and phlegmatic temperament of the ancient denizens of Manahatta ? In the good old times that have for ever passed away from this island, a man might be born, reared, married, and buried within a circuit of three miles ; and a true Dutchman would as soon have thought of going to bed without his night-cap, as of chopping and changing about from one house to another. Wherever he first inhaled the breath of life, there he exhaled it. It was quite clear to his mind that

Providence had cast his lot in a certain street, and a certain house, and for him to think of emigrating to another, would not only be presumptuously setting up his judgment against high authority, but a great waste of bodily exertion. Indeed, when he looked around, and saw all the furniture firmly fixed—the ponderous dresser—the solemn clock—the substantial table—just as his great-grandfather had placed them when the first ship first drifted from Holland to this coast, the idea of pulling them from their places, carrying them out into the open air, and setting them up in another domicile, seemed not only a sacrilegious disturbance of the household gods, but an enterprise requiring so much toil and trouble, as to make it scarcely worth the while attempting, considering the short time that is allotted for man to sojourn in this world. So lived the forefathers of a goodly portion of the present quicksilver generation. They worked when there was no help for it, and sat still whenever they could; they counted over their bright silver dollars (the only kind of change a Dutchman loves) and put them carefully away in their old stockings—they took their glass of genuine Schedam, they smoked their pipes in peace—

“ They eat and drank and slept. What then ?

“ They eat and drank and slept again.”

And even so passed away the mortal existence of the forefathers of the identical Master Cicero Vanderscholten, that goes to masquerades and executes pigeon-wings and pirouettes with such grace and agility ; and so lived the progenitors of Miss Cecilia Amelia Anna Maria Vanwaggenen, that makes a noise on the piano, and keeps an album ! *O tempora, O mores !*

Of all the civilized nations on the face of the earth, the Americans seem to attach the least value to a “ local habitation ;” and of all the parts of America, New-York is the most restless. Its citizens seem to be born with a feverish love of change and excitement, which pervades, more or less, every action of their lives, and to this they sacrifice friends, interest, and convenience. They put no faith in the proverb—“ let well enough alone”—but are always ready to give up “ well enough” in the desperate hope of getting something better. They must be in motion, and that motion is about as different from that of their Dutch ancestors as the motion of a duck pond on a calm day is from that of the rapids of Niagara. In business they are fickle to a degree that appears, and really is, heartless and unfeeling. They will give up a tradesman that has served them well and faithfully, and in whom they can place confidence, to run after some fresh

adventurer, of whom they know nothing. But this is the way all over the country ; and a tradesman has in reality just as little consideration for his customers as his customers have for him. A man commences business in a small city ; in the course of time forms acquaintance and connexions, and finds himself getting along, as he says, "as comfortably as he can wish," when suddenly he hears of some new town that has sprung up in the wilderness, where they "are doing considerable of a business ;" and, without more to do, he sells off his stock, takes leave, without regret, of kind friends and familiar faces, and sets off to the land of promise to run a similar career. This is a national trait, and does not attach, with any peculiar force, to this city ; but, for the love of change in their places of residence, the New-Yorkers are particularly famous. They never regard a house as a kind of inanimate friend—one who has protected them from cold, and rain, and tempest, and by whose hearth they have spent many happy hours, and enjoyed many comforts ; but merely as a temporary covering, under whose roof it would be a sin, shame, and a folly to live two years in succession. Accordingly, on the first of May, when people all over the world are enjoying that charming season among fields and flowers, the sagacious

citizens of New-York think they have lived quite long enough in one place, and prepare to pitch their tents elsewhere. Those that live up town come down, and those that live down town go up ; and amidst disjointed furniture, broken crockery, dust, dirt, and vermin, they hail the genial approach of smiling May. After spending their money, losing their regular dinners, and suffocating themselves for three or four days, they squat down in their new domicile for another twelvemonth.

But it is not only the miseries attending the committal of the act itself, but also the preliminary ones which bespeak its approach, that are to be taken into account. There is a great and crying evil at present existent in this city, entitled, "house hunting," which disturbs the peace of families, and is productive of much scandal and other ill consequences. It appears that on the first day of February the householders notify their several landlords that they have only one more quarter's rent to expect from them, and immediately after such notification, nearly all the tenements in the city are labelled "this house to let," inquire so and so. A stranger would naturally suppose that the plague, the yellow fever, or some tremendous evil was momentarily expected, and that the inhabitants were about to seek safety, *en masse*, in flight. No such

thing ; but from that time the proud boast, that “ a man’s house is his castle,” no longer belongs to the citizens of New-York. A Spaniard’s doors are not more open to the holy fathers of the inquisition, or a place-hunter’s to a man in office, than are his to all the impertinent people who please to demand admittance. They march through his rooms, peep under his bed and into his closets, and not unfrequently surprise him and his family in very equivocal situations ; after which, they express a hope that they have not disturbed them, to which they receive a lying answer in the affirmative—beg leave to trouble them “ for a glass of cold water” —say they don’t think the house will answer—and go about their business ; and the only satisfaction the poor people have, is to go unto their neighbor and do likewise. But this is not all. There is a nest of old maids in the city, who, having given up all hopes of ever being obliged to look after a house on their own account, kindly volunteer to do so for their friends, in order to indulge their *penchant* for inspecting their neighbor’s affairs, and discuss the interesting tittle-tattle arising therefrom. Under various pretexts they pop their noses into every hole and corner of pantries, parlors, kitchens, and cupboards, and spy into the barrenness of the house ; and all this is noted down in a sort of diary,

to be used afterwards at visits and card parties, as occasion may require. I am slightly in the good graces of the niece of one of these ancient women, who favored me with a peep at her aunt's land log-book, from which I made the following extracts. For obvious reasons, the names of the people and numbers of the houses are omitted.

February 5.—No. — Greenwich-street. Called at the house of Mrs. D——. Rooms small—no garrets—wonder where the goodness all the children sleep. Carpets very shabby—remains of a turkey carefully put by in the pantry, and black woman making her dinner off cold mutton. Eldest Miss D. has a new silk pelisse—wonder where the money came from. MEM. The D.'s *may* be honest enough, but can't imagine how some people make a living !

Same day.—No. — Broadway—looked in upon my dear friend Mrs. W—the house to let, going to take a larger one. Cut a great dash—hope it may last. Mr. W. is, to be sure, cashier of the — bank, but his salary cannot be much. Some how or other, people in banks never want money. MEM. If Mr. W. should be back in his accounts and commit suicide, which is not unlikely, what would become of poor dear Mrs. W. ?

February 17.—No. — Hudson-square. Fine looking house—great deal larger than what I wanted, but went in to see it. Mrs. M. not at home; was shown through the house by Miss M. a poor white-faced creature, with her hair out of curl, who looked as if she had just got up. Recollected meeting a prettyish sort of girl by that name at Mrs. K.'s party last night. Found out it was the same—should never have known her! Not quite so much color as she had when dancing last night—suppose she can get more when she wants it. Good gracious! how the poor men are deceived!

Same day.—Went through the sausage manufacturer's premises in the Bowery. MEM. Eat no more sausages, &c. &c.

It would be tedious to give more of these precious records; suffice it to say, that there was scarcely a house from the East river to the North, or from the Battery to the regions about Fourth-street, which had not been inspected by one or more of these scandalous old women, who meet at night and compare notes; and not a single kind remark or charitable supposition was ventured upon by any one of them. They went altogether on Sir Peter Teazle's principle, "that it was a bad world, and the fewer that speak well of it the better."

But this is by no means the only evil to which the citizens subject themselves by this love of change. They are innumerable ; and, perhaps, one of the heaviest is the injury done to the periodical literature of the country. A man will subscribe for a paper or a magazine, with which he professes to be agreeably entertained and well satisfied ; but if any new adventurer spring up, and promise impossibilities in a flaming prospectus, he straightway relinquishes that which he knows to be good, for the chance of getting something better ; and this, in its turn, is thrown aside for fresh experiments. In no country are there so many and such abortive attempts to get up fresh publications, and this, in a great degree, accounts for it. Of the majority it cannot be said, that

“ ’Tis pity they’re short-lived.”

They do no good and much harm ; for by diverting public patronage into so many channels, all are inadequately rewarded, and hence the poor state of the public press generally, compared with other countries. In all sorts of business it is precisely the same. If a man finds that past endeavors are no security for future favors, he naturally relaxes in those endeavors, and will as soon sell a bad article as a good one, when there is an equal chance of

his customer returning ; thus, the evils which the buyers inflict upon the sellers in the first instance, eventually return upon themselves, and no one gains by those proceedings but those who, under a better state of things, would be neglected entirely.

But what avails talking ? What can be expected from the inhabitants, when the “ fathers of the city ” set them such examples ? The people move themselves, but the corporation move the houses. Their committee come and squint along a street, and then say unto a man, “ Sir, you must shift your house sixteen feet back ! ” Shade of Wouter Von Twiller ! shift a house ! What would a genuine Dutchman think of such a proceeding ; or, indeed, any European ? A little Frenchman, fresh from Paris, who thought every thing on earth was to be seen there, lately witnessed a performance of this kind. He was met by a friend soon after, in a high state of excitation. “ Oh, mon dieu ! ” said he, “ I have see what in Paris I nevere have see—nevere ! I have see one house taking one leetle valk !—Mon dieu ! ” But the evil may not stop here. In time streets and squares may be found traveling about the city, and it is not impossible that a man may be run over by a church.

HYPOCHONDRIACISM.

O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us !
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion ;
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
An' e'en devotion !—*Burns.*

HYPOCHONDRIACISM is a disorder produced by the disorganization of the nervous system, whereby the patient ceases to view things as they exist, and acquires the property of seeing others that have no existence. His faculties become changed, and he regards chimeras as realities, and realities as chimeras. On all points excepting one, a hypochondriac may be perfectly sane, but on that one he looks upon the rest of the world as fools, and himself as the only person to whom heaven has given light. There are many shades of this disorder, and the ways in which it manifests itself are innumerable. Doctor Johnson gives a very meagre definition of a hypochondriac when he says it is "one

affected with melancholy." Now, though in some instances this may be the primary cause, in nine cases out of ten it is the offspring of vanity and ignorance, which, secreting themselves in a man's brain, engender there strange and overweening notions of his own qualities and capabilities ; this, in the first stage of the disorder, is termed self-conceit, but swelling beyond all imaginable or endurable bounds, it becomes at last a confirmed case of mental delusion, and takes the form of medical, legal, religious, political, or literary hypochondriacism.

One of the peculiarities of this disease is the manner in which those who are affected with it laugh and jeer at all who are in a similar predicament with themselves—the quickness with which they detect their neighbor's infirmities, and the obstinacy with which they shut their eyes to their own. Thus, a well-informed gentleman, who eat, drank, slept, and behaved himself like other people, could never get over the strange belief that he was a barleycorn, and at the mere sight of a barn-yard fowl he would fly into his house and lock himself in, for fear of being picked up and transferred to the crop of his enemy ; yet the same gentleman was very much tickled with the story of another hypochondriac, who in walking imagined that he did not possess the power of turning, but

must of necessity move on in a direct line, and who had cut himself severely by marching straight through a shop window which unfortunately crossed his way—just as one foolish hypochondriacal author will laugh at another's expectations of immortality, although at the same time he does not entertain a doubt of its being his own inheritance. I knew a profound scholar, and what is more, a sensible man, but who, nevertheless, insisted that he was cursed with a cast-iron nose. No arguments could convince him of the fallacy of what he considered so self-evident that it might be observed by any one; and when a storm of thunder and lightning occurred, he was to be seen running about in an agony of fear, and using all sorts of precautions to prevent his metal proboscis from attracting the electric fluid; after the storm he would regain his composure, and thank heaven for his remarkable deliverance. A friend, to cure him of this fancy, told him of another person who imagined he had a glass nose, and was afraid of going out on a windy day for fear of getting it injured, at which he laughed immoderately, and proceeded to show very plainly that no man ever had, or could by any possibility have a glass nose. The other then began gently to insinuate doubts respecting the existence of any metallic substance on his

own face, upon which he grew mightily offended, hit his nose a sharp blow, and asked him if he could not hear it was cast-iron by the sound ! 'This would all seem ridiculous enough to a spectator, but how many hundred thousands are there in this world who terrify themselves with evils just as imaginary as cast-metal noses, yet at the same time laugh heartily at the fears of those who entertain apprehensions for their glass ones ? but because their numbers are such as to keep each other in countenance, they escape the charge of hypochondriacism which manifestly attaches to them.

Of all classes of hypochondriacs, the health-preserving are perhaps the most numerous and notorious. These are the people for whom heaven has not been able to make any thing fit to eat. Every dish that is set upon the table is, according to their view of things, impregnated with subtle poison. One produces flatulency, another acidity—beef is indigestible, ham is bilious, tea nervous, and so on from the simplest receipt in Dr. Kitchiner's cookery to the most complicated effort of Mons. Ude. Whenever they eat they say, " I know it is wrong ;" and look upon a person who makes a hearty, careless, miscellaneous meal, as one who is not long for this world. All their conversation turns upon their internal concerns ; and, in company, they favor the

unfortunate lady or gentleman who sits next them with anecdotes of their stomach and digestive reminiscences for the last three weeks. They are amateurs in physic, and swallow all sorts of abominations with infinite relish ; and then they wonder, for all the care they take of themselves, that they are no better. Poor wretches ! the undertaker eyes them as he walks along ; the coffin-maker takes their dimensions in his " mind's eye," and proceeds to make their mahogany resting-places on speculation ; the sexton chuckles at their approach, and says he hopes he " see's them well !" the resurrectionist marks them for his own ; and the surgeon, surveying their formation with a scientific eye, longs to settle some disputed points of anatomy by means of their unfortunate bodies. Death comes at last and pops the little life out of them that dieting and doctoring have left, and they are troubled with hypochondriacism no more !

Literary, as well as health-preserving hypochondriacism, is not unfrequently occasioned by a slight touch of dyspepsia. Young gentlemen with yellow faces and weak digestions, mistake the sickly fancies produced by a diseased state of the humors for the coruscations of genius, and whenever they feel a little unwell, concoct what they call poetry, which is merely a number of hypochondriacal notions

strung together, in which they abuse the “unfeeling world,” and long for “pleasant death,” and the “quiet peaceful grave,” at the same time that they are taking their spring physic, and using all necessary precautions to avoid one and keep out of the other as long as possible. They poetize somewhat after this fashion :

My burning brow—my burning brow !—
My bursting heart—my mad'ning brain !
Would—would—that ye were quiet now,
And I at rest from all my pain !

The grave—the grave !—how calm they sleep
Who lie where yonder yew-trees wave !
They neither sob, nor cry, nor weep—
Oh give me that—the grave ! the grave !

and such like abominable nonsense, which many people call “very pretty,” and “very pathetic,” and so they come all at once to believe themselves poets, and go on wishing themselves dead, until people of common sense would have no objection if they were taken at their word. One of the most absurd peculiarities of this tribe is, their invariably assuming that physical imbecility and mental strength go together, and *vice versa*, as if a sound constitution, a cheerful temper, and a vigorous and imaginative mind were incompatible. William Shakspeare, Walter Scott, and Robert Burns were, in their several ways, the three greatest men that

ever lived, and at the same time three as healthy, hearty, and merry fellows, as the world has seen, and never wrote a line of regular churchyard poetry in their lives.

Political hypochondriacs are as thick as flies at midsummer, and are more headstrong, absurd, and obstinate, than any of the other classes. No matter how monstrous their dogmas are, the pertinacity with which they cling to them leaves the man with the cast-iron nose far behind. A member of the English parliament got it into his head, and all the other members could not get it out, that the great cause of distress among the poor was the plentifulness of the grain harvests, that starvation was a necessary consequence of over-production, and the more wheat there was grown the less there would be eaten. In this country certain people advocate a tariff that will increase commerce and support the navy, by doing away with the necessity for ships and sailors; while others believe in a dissolution of society, in consequence of a few men, calling themselves masons, getting together in a snug room, for the purpose of singing and drinking without fear of interruption. Indeed, there is no notion too improbable to find its way into the head of a political hypochondriac. Many well-meaning individuals firmly believed as soon as General Jackson became

president, that men would hang on trees as thick as acorns, that he would fire the city of Washington, destroy the constitution of the United States, put the country under martial law, keep his hand in practice by shooting a dozen citizens or so of a morning before breakfast, and do a number of other improper things for reasons best known to himself; and when they are told that no such thing has happened, they very wisely shake their heads, and say the ides of March are not yet over. There is another set of political hypochondriacs who credit whatever the newspapers tell them, and of course are worse than all the rest put together.

Then there are the religious hypochondriacs, who firmly believe that no one can be in the right except themselves—

Some think on Calvin heaven's own spirit fell,
While others deem him instrument of hell.

But this is ticklish ground. In theatricals the cases of hypochondriacism are innumerable, and generally incurable. I have seen matrons of forty-five years of age and one hundred and fifty pounds weight, who really thought they looked and played the girlish Juliet to perfection, and whom no criticism could convince to the contrary; and I have seen a little fat fellow of five feet and an inch, who

looked upon himself as the *beau ideal* of Roman grandeur and dignity. I have seen Miss —— fancy she could play a fashionable lady, and Mr. —— imagine that he looked like a gentleman. I have seen—but cases multiply too fast.

The greatest hypochondriac of modern times, however, is undoubtedly Robert Owen. This very singular individual has taken it into his head, that by means of certain strange doctrines which have the immediate effect of crazing the intellects of those who dabble in them, the world is to be regenerated, and the perfectability of human nature accomplished. He actually believes the time is coming when men will not lie, nor women flirt—when banks will not break nor bills be protested—when tailors will keep their words and gentlemen pay their debts—when brokers will be generous and politicians independent—when a man will love his neighbor as himself, and lend him money without interest or security—when Cobbett will be consistent and Lady Morgan unaffected, and other things equally strange and improbable. This is the greatest case of hypochondriacism on record, either moral or medical, and any man who will believe these things, will believe that the world is growing honester.

IDLE PEOPLE.

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither !
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.—*Shaks.*

THERE is no class of human beings visited with more matter-of-course vituperation than idle people. Idleness ! it is the greatest vice of civilization, for it is the least profitable. Men may lie, and cheat, and game, and drink, and break the ten commandments in whatsoever way they please, and they will find apologists ; but for idleness, no one lifteth up his voice to speak. From the busy haunts of men, from the toil and turmoil of the marts of traffic, from the din and smoke of manufactories, from the high courts of Mammon, it is forever banished : only on the pleasant hill side, in the waving meadow, and under the ancient forest

trees, or by the babbling brook and lazy river hath it sought out an undisturbed retreat; and there its devotee is to be found, stretched luxuriously along the green sward, worshipping his divinity after his own calm and easy fashion. Foolish fellow! up and away unto the crowded city, for there money, "the white man's god," is to be made—spend thy days in bargaining and wrangling and over-reaching, and thy nights in scheming and calculating until thou art worth a million! but rest not, relax not, toil and bargain and wrangle on, and thou mayest yet be worth a million and a half! and then if death some morning put a stop unto thy profitable speculations, think, for all thy care and anxiety—thy joyless days and sleepless nights—what a glorious consolation is thine! The poor idler goes to his grave not worth a groat, while thou descendest to thine everlasting rest with more money invested in the funds than any man on 'change!

"Idleness," saith the proverb, "is the mother of mischief." How strange that such a noisy brawling urchin should spring from so inoffensive a parent! For my own part, I have a respect for idle people; and, when no one suffers by their idleness, they are the most sensible people on the face of the earth—your only true philosophers. Love of ease is natural to man, and industry came into the world

with original sin. Hard work occasioned the first murder. If Cain, instead of tilling the stubborn earth and earning his bread "by the sweat of his brow," had had nothing to do but lounge on the mountain-side like his brother Abel, play his pipe, watch his sheep feeding, and then feed himself, he would never have envied him, and the second great transgression would not have come to pass.

That idleness is the natural state of man, cannot be doubted. Like the flowers of the field it springeth up without care or culture; but industry is a hot-house plant, of forced and artificial growth, and is apt to wither away, if not anxiously tended and cherished. In asserting these undeniable truths, let it not be supposed that any reproach is meant to be cast on the industrious. No—the man who sacrifices his love of ease, and labors unremittingly that his wife may be at rest, and his little ones comfortably clothed and fed—that he may be free from duns and debts, and walk through the world fearing and beholden to no living creature—such a man is worthy of all admiration. But there are others, who have enough and to spare, but still go on—the slaves of avarice and habit; who dignify their love of gain with the name of industry, and plume themselves mightily on "never being a single minute idle;" why what are they at best but

miserable earth-worms—voluntary bondmen ; the worldly wise, and yet the most egregious fools !

One thing that has undeservedly brought idleness into bad repute, is the confounding it with laziness, than which no two things can be more different. The lazy sluggard who hates motion in every shape, and lies upon the earth an inert piece of animation, is scarcely upon a par with the beasts that perish. A fine specimen of this tribe was a fat old gentleman of this city, a prodigious eater, who, in the summer time, used to sit, by the day together, smoking and steaming like a caldron. The only exercise he was ever known to take consisted in calling out, after he had sat on one seat long enough to make it uncomfortably warm, “ John, bring me a cool chair !” and then moving from one chair to the other. Now idle people are the very reverse of this. In all sorts of games and sports they are first and foremost. It is they who can pitch a quoit or bowl a cricket-ball straighter and truer than any one else ; the swiftest runners and most active wrestlers of the district. It is they who have roamed the country far and wide, and know where the finest fishing streams are to be found, and where the birds are most plentiful—the healthiest, hardiest, and most venturesome of heaven’s creatures ; who will scramble up a precipice,

and risk their necks for a bird's nest, but droop and pine away under a regular routine of money-making tasks. There are, however, different varieties of this species, like every other. Some of a more contemplative turn, who seek out the pleasant nooks and shady places, known but to themselves, and there muse away their hours. These are intimate acquaintances of nature, and are initiated into thousands of her little secrets that others know not of; and with Shakspeare in their hand, they read unfolded mysteries of mind and matter, that seem, and are, not the records of observation, but the outpourings of inspiration. Such an one was Jaques, though rather too cynical; and, at times, even such an one must Shakspeare have been. It appears impossible that the scenes in the forest of Arden could have been engendered any where except "under the shade of melancholy boughs." So thoroughly are they imbued with a true pastoral spirit, so free from the noise and smoke of cities, that it is really strange, after reading "As you like it," with your mind filled with images of lonely forest walks, and their denizens the duke of Amiens and his "comates and brothers in exile," to walk to the window and see so many streets, houses, carriages, and fantastically dressed men and women. How pitiable would he be who could afford to dream away

hours amid such scenes, and yet who should forsake them

“ For so much dross as may be grasped thus !”

Yet idle people are looked upon as the very worst and “ most good-for-nothing” people in existence. They are under the ban of society. The worldly father points them out to his son as a warning, and the prudent mother watches that her marriageable daughter’s eye rests not on them ; their names are stricken from invitation lists ; and every griping scoundrel twitteth them and vaunteth his superior pack-horse qualifications. And for what ?—why, their comparative poverty and practical philosophy. Yet they are in one sense the wealthiest of men,

“ Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough ;
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.”

In towns a person of this temperament is altogether out of his element. He is a connoisseur in sweet, wholesome air, and sighs to rove about in search of it. As long as the grizzly tyrant winter keeps the fair spring in chains, it matters little where he is ; but when one of those glorious days that herald her approach breaks forth, and nature becomes, on the instant, all life and animation, there are few men, let them be as industrious as

they may, who have not experienced his feelings. Who, on such a day, has not felt a pleasing languor steal over him, and a distaste for ordinary pursuits and avocations? Who does not long to leave the hubbub of the city far behind, to stroll forth into the fields, and have the taint of the smoke blown off by the fresh April winds? and who would not do so if

“Necessity, the master still of will,
How strong soe'er it is,”

did not drag him back to his toils? Oh! what a clog it is on a man's spirit to feel that he is a slave —(for what are they but slaves with the privilege of change, whose daily labor buys their daily bread?) —to long for liberty, yet feel that the pure air, the green fields, the blue sky, the very commonest gifts of nature, that are enjoyed by the brutes of the earth and the birds of the air, are denied to him? True, he may break through all restraints and go about inhaling as much fresh air as he pleases; but when the cravings of appetite hint to him that it is dinner time, whence are to come the victuals that constitute that important item in the sum total of human happiness? Man is unfortunately a carnivorous animal, and must, once a day at least, be fed with flesh, fowl, or fish: he cannot make an

unsophisticated repast off the roots and fruits of the earth, for though

“his anatomical construction
Bears vegetables in a grumbling sort of way
Yet certainly he thinks, beyond all question,
Beef, veal, and mutton easier of digestion.”

Then why are idle people, who can afford to be so without wrong to any one, so hardly dealt with, when all men, deserving the name, would be idle if they could? Who ever knew a creature that made use of the too-common expression, “I am never easy unless I am doing something,” that was worth passing an hour with, or that showed the slightest symptoms of having a soul? He cannot be easy without doing something, merely because he cannot hold communion with himself; he has no treasures of thought to which he can revert, and his mind preys upon itself unless exercised in the miserable distinctions and petty gains and triumphs of business, which is at best but a necessary evil. With a few exceptions, I much admire the state of things that the old courtier in the *Tempest* proposes to introduce into the enchanted island if he were king of it—

“No kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; no use of service,

Of riches, or of poverty ; no contracts,
Successions ; bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none :
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil ;
No occupation ; all men idle, all ;
And women too ; but innocent and pure.
All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavor ; treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people."

PRIZE TRAGEDIES.

IN days of yore Melpomene was a proud and haughty dame, who had to be long and ardently wooed before she would vouchsafe her company to any one ; she was like one of those fair, unreasonable damsels in the age of chivalry, for whose sake a man had to endure much abstinence, penance, and mortification before he was rewarded with the slightest degree of familiarity ; but now she is transformed into a mere modern miss, who will flirt and keep company with all who take the trouble of asking her. And then both she and her votaries have become mercenary. In former times it was “the divinity which stirred within them” that prompted tragic poets to the creation of those mighty works that have spread a halo around their names ; now it is a mere matter of dollars and cents : ours serve for hire, and undertake to manufacture tragedies on any given subject that may be dictated to them. On one point, however, they have decidedly the

advantage ; if the ancients were superior to the moderns in strength, they are far inferior in productiveness ; and an author now litters more literary offspring in a year, than three or four could formerly bring forth in ten ; but what is produced with so little trouble and in such abundance, is sickly and short-lived ; whilst the rare, but healthy, hardy offspring of the intellects of other years still continue to bloom and “ flourish in immortal youth.”

The great point of inferiority of the ancients to us was their ignorance of machinery, the discoveries in which we have applied admirably both to physics and literature. Our forefathers were in bodily strength immensely superior to the present slim generation ; yet by the aid of engines we can do more in an hour than they could in a year. So it is with the drama. They were giants in intellect, and a tragedy was with them a tremendous mental struggle and victory ; with us it is a mere mechanical affair. The matter is a trifle, the manner all in all. We take an interesting anecdote, put it into turgid blank verse, inflate it with bombast and epithets, divide and subdivide it into acts and scenes, and, by the aid of machinery, scenery, dresses and decorations, make it go off with more noise and eclat than can be produced by the most

striking and wonderful delineations of human passion. The curious anatomy of the heart of man is not half so imposing as the intricacies of a "grand tramp march;" and a prolonged mock combat and pantomimic style of giving up the ghost are superior to the very finest poetry. This is not idle complaining. It is so, and will always be so, as long as show is preferred to sense; and such things have probably been much in vogue ever since Thespis played upon a cart, though it was reserved for the present age to be exclusively devoted to them. The "good old times" is now generally allowed to be a misnomer, and it is foolish to affect to lament over them. The world has greatly improved since then; but certainly in most things connected with the drama we have retrograded lamentably. Modern comedies are poor enough; but from two-thirds of modern tragedies, there is no affectation in saying "heaven deliver us!"*

The literature of these United States has been made the subject of taunt and ridicule; and it is to be wondered that such has so long been the case when the means of remedying the defect were so easy. It appears that at any time authors can be

* This is meant to apply generally, and not to prize tragedies in particular, much less to any single production.

forced into existence as easily as mushrooms ; and it is really curious to observe, as soon as a five hundred dollar premium is offered, what a flood of inspiration deluges the whole land ! The mere reading of the advertisements created hundreds of tragic poets who never before dreamt of such a thing ; and a speculator in quills realized a very handsome profit by buying up all the stock within his reach on the first announcement of the business. The ploughman quitted his plough and wrote a tragedy, the drygood-clerks neglected their customers and wrote tragedies, the frequenters of ten-pin alleys, and similar elegant places of resort, stayed at home o' nights and wrote tragedies ; and it is understood that some of them were the most unique things of their kind that were ever submitted to the eye of man. To say nothing of the grammar or the chirography, the violations of the simple rules of Webster's spelling book were grievous in the extreme ; and towards the latter end of the fifth act

“ Murders were done too terrible for the ear.”

In some instances the carnage was immense.— Two or three of the much-enduring committee have scarcely recovered from the shock which their intellects received, and yet retain a perfectly excusable

and natural antipathy for the very name of tragedy. Considering the manner in which they had to addle their brains by perusing all this perilous stuff, there ought certainly to have been a benefit for the remuneration of the sufferers—that is, the committee. This was the prevailing character of the pieces, the authors of whom had taken for their guide Othello's exclamation, "blood, blood, Iago!" and cut short the mortal career of their dramatis personæ with the most unrelenting pens. Others there were of a more lady-like and lachrymatory turn, who dealt in

"Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperbole, spruce affectation,"

and preferred tears to blood; but they also, in self-defence, were obliged to make away with a great number, as the depth of a tragedy now-a-days depends upon the mortality that takes place among the persons brought together; consequently there is twice as strong an infusion of the tragic in a play where ten people are killed, as there is where only five expire. Soldiers, citizens, peasants, and such plebeian parts as are enacted by supernumeraries whose names are not in the bills, are, however, not taken into account; just as in real life, a great outcry is made about a dead general, while

the rank and file rot quietly away without any thing being said about the matter.

But Mr. Forrest, Mr. Forrest, what excuse can be made for thee? Thou who didst profess to admire the Indian character, and venerate their great and noble qualities. Was it well done in thee to single out this persecuted race of beings from the nations and communities of men on the face of the earth, as fit subjects to be hacked and tortured by all the poverty-stricken and unfledged poets in the country? "Call you this backing your friends?" Is it not enough that they have been ruthlessly driven from house and home, that their lands have been forcibly wrested from them, and the graves of their fathers violated, but you must, by holding out a five hundred dollar inducement, hound on all sorts of people to dramatize the lives of their warriors, and put into the mouths of their sachems and orators, bad grammar and bombast, which when living they would have blushed to utter? Think, Mr. Forrest, of the number of noble chiefs that have been resuscitated through your means, and transformed into senseless ranting braggadocios. They may not, to be sure, appear in public; but will not their several vainglorious authors distribute the manuscripts of their unsuccessful efforts among their friends and connexions all over the country,

merely to show the incapacity of the committee, thus rendering the Indian character ridiculous, and adding, as it were, insult to injury? If you want more prize tragedies, make the affair general, give the money to the best, but play all that are sent, and let us have a laugh at the whole world. Make no more invidious selections, but let there be classic victims, Grecians and Romans, of whom antiquity furnishes an inexhaustible supply. Besides, it would be a very difficult matter to make another aboriginal tragedy. Indianisms, such as "smoking the pipe of peace," and keeping the "chain of friendship bright," sound very well when judiciously and sparingly introduced; but it does not answer to compound many long speeches entirely of such figurative fragments.

OYSTERS.

MAN has been styled a speaking animal, a laughing animal, a bargaining animal, and a drunken animal, in contradistinction to all other animals who neither speak, nor laugh, nor bargain, nor get drunk; but a cooking animal seems after all to be his most characteristic and distinguishing appellation. In the important art of cooking victuals he shines pre-eminent; here he taxes all his faculties, racks his invention, and gives unbounded range to his imagination. Nature has given to every other animal a peculiar taste, and furnished three or four kinds of food to suit that taste, but this sense in man accommodates itself to an innumerable quantity of materials. He has made copious selections from all things that dwell upon the face of the globe—from the birds of the air, from the fish of the sea, from the inhabitants of lake and river, yea, from the bowels of the earth has he extracted substances to minister to his palate, and the

whole mineral and vegetable world has been ransacked with indefatigable industry for its gratification. Thousands of his species pass their lives in dreary mines to send forth the simple but indispensable salt with which he seasons his viands ; while others fit out frail vessels, and amid storm and tempest, traverse the wilderness of waters for certain spices that add piquancy to a favorite dish ! But after he has collected all the products of the world together, that is only the commencement—the preliminary mustering of his forces. What are all these materials collectively to the innumerable, the inconceivable quantity of dishes which he manufactures from them by skilful combinations or incongruous mixtures ? Twelve figures can be set down in thousands of different ways and no two alike ; then out of those millions of primitive substances, what countless quintillions of dishes can he not compound ! whilst every day new secrets are brought to light and added to the limitless list of gastronomic discoveries.

The ancients knew something as regarded these matters ; but still they seemed to have studied expense and vanity more than real gratification. There are few that have not heard of the extravagances of an Heliogabalus, his brains of flamingos, his tongues of nightingales, and his heads of

ostriches, six hundred of which were served up in a single dish, and for which single dish the deserts of Arabia must have been scoured and desolated—but there is no ingenuity in this, nothing remarkable, save its monstrous folly. At a later period the art took a more complex form. In 1577 the abstemious cardinal, Ascanius Colonna, gave an entertainment to the prince of Nassau, when the following unique *olla podrida* was produced, which was looked upon as one of the greatest achievements of the times, and was so admired and lauded by all who partook of it, that a certain holy father present at the feast, composed a Latin ode upon it, and handed the receipt down to an ungrateful posterity, who refuse to avail themselves of this *chef d'œuvre* in the annals of cookery. The ingredients were “ten pounds of beef, three pounds of a pig, six wood pigeons, one pound of truffles, six thrushes, one capon, three pounds of turnips, six handsfull of green fennel seed, two pounds of sausages composed of curious materials, one pound of pepper, six onions, twelve larks, three lobsters, seven lampreys, four choice cardoons, (a vegetable resembling celery) two heads of Bologna cabbage, three pounds of tallow, spices, salt, sugar, and other seasonings.” How stomachs were constructed in those days it is not stated.

The United States possess an advantage over all the nations of the earth in two things highly conducive to human happiness—oysters and peaches. Men may disagree about forms of government, or the fine arts, or the relative merits of poets, painters, and actors; and whether they are right or wrong, may be perfectly sincere and well-meaning in their opinions; but whoever denies the complete supremacy of the oysters and peaches of this part of the world, must be given over as incurably infected with prejudice and perverseness. The peaches of England are nothing, and the oysters, generally speaking, no more to be compared to these, than a crab-apple to a pippin; though there ought to be an especial reservation made in favor of what is called the “Colchester native,” the flavor of which must dwell in the grateful remembrance of all who have had the good fortune to taste them; they are uncommonly sweet, but small—a very choice oyster for ladies; but when taken into a tolerably capacious mouth, do not touch the palate at every point—there is still something wanting, and you do not experience that unalloyed gratification, that fulness of delight which is the necessary consequence of swallowing a large, fresh, fat, York-bay oyster. So extremely grateful are the latter to all who truly appreciate their estimable qualities,

that every additional one only creates a keener desire for its successor,

“As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on,”

until the stomach signifies its incapacity to receive a farther supply of the luscious and delectable food.

Man is naturally a self-opiniated contrary animal, and feels a natural inclination to disagree with his species on all earthly questions ; but still he divides into parties and subdivides into factions, and it is possible to find half a dozen people who have the same views in politics, religion, and literature ; but perhaps no two were ever formed since the creation with exactly the same tenets respecting the stomach. They may hold on together for some time, and confess that they both like boiled salmon or roast ducks ; but let them speak upon the subject of eating for a quarter of an hour, and a hundred minute but important differences of taste discover themselves. Indeed, two men alike in this respect would be a much greater rarity than the two Dromios. There are few points on which there is a more unanimous opinion entertained than oysters. All agree as to their virtues in the first instance ; but whether they are best raw, or stewed, or fried, or broiled, or pickled, is the subject of endless cavillings, and interminable harangues. The longest dispute

I ever listened to was whether it was best to devour these creatures with black pepper or red ; and such was the earnestness of the disputants that the man employed in opening them, making a mistake, kept helping the red pepper advocate with black and the black pepper zealot with red ; and to the infinite amusement of the lookers on, neither found out the difference until they were told, when both instantly declared they thought the oysters had a very peculiar taste ! just as newspapers or politicians will now-a-days commence a fiery dispute concerning democratic and federal parties, or the powers of the general and state governments, until they unconsciously change sides in the course of the argument, without being anything the wiser ; and just so trivial and undistinguishable are half the disputes into which we poor brainless bipeds plunge with such uncontrollable fury, to the infinite amusement of all calm and dispassionate spectators. But it will not do to go on grounding general reflections on an oyster. It was made for better things than to be a theme from which to extract a questionable moral. I would if I could be eloquent in thy praise, thou best and gravest* of fish—thou most nutritious and di-

* Wherein consists the superior gravity of an oyster is not very apparent ; yet it has long had that reputation as is evident from the ancient and well known couplet:

“ The gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird an owl,
The gravest fish an oyster, the gravest man a fool.”

gestible of moluscous substances—thou stanchest friend and steadiest supporter of Afric's trampled sons, for whom thou daily effectest more than Wilberforce can ever hope to compass—much do I regret that the insatiable appetites of the citizens are robbing their bay of its greatest boast ; like the boy who killed the goose for the golden eggs, they are not content with the yearly produce of thy fruitful beds, but they leave them oysterless, seize on both interest and principal, and expect a miracle to provide for the future. It is easy to foresee the ruinous consequences of such atrocious conduct—but it is not in common prose that thy merits and sufferings should be commemorated. I will take my harp and sweep its softest strings.

LINES ON A NEWLY-OPENED YORK-BANKER.

With feelings strange and undefined I gaze upon thy face,
Thou choice and juicy specimen of an ill-fated race ;
How calmly, yea, how meekly thou reclinest in thy shell,
Yet what thy woes and sufferings are man may conjecture well !

For thou hast life as well as he who recklessly seeks thine,
And, couldst thou speak, might draw forth tears as briny as thy brine ;
For thou was torn from friends and home and all thy heart could wish,
Thou hapless, helpless, innocent, mute, persecuted fish.

Perhaps thou wast but newly joined to some soft plump young bride,
Who op'd her mouth for food with thee when flowed the flowing tide ;*

* Oysters taken from the river and kept in fresh water, open their mouths at the time of the flowing in of the tide, in expectation of their accustomed food.—*Kitchiner*.

Perhaps thou hast a family, from whom thou hast been torn,
Who sadly wait for him, alas, who never will return !

Thou wast happy on thy native bed, where blithesome billows play,
Till the cruel fisher wrench'd thee from thy 'home, sweet home,' away;
He stow'd thee in his coble and he rowed thee to the strand—
Thou wast bought and sold and opened, and placed in this right hand !

I know that while I moralize thy flavor fades away,
I know thou shouldst be ate alive,* before thy sweets decay !
I know that it is foolishness, this weak delay of mine,
And epicures may laugh at it as sentimental whine.

Well, let them laugh, I still will drop a tear o'er thy sad fate,
Thou wretched and ill-fated one ! thou sad and desolate !
O'er thee and o'er thy kindred hangs one all-consuming doom,
To die a slow and lingering death, or, living, find a tomb !

Like the Indian from the forest—like the roebuck from the glen,
Thy race is dwindling silently before the arts of men ;
Ye are passing from the river, from the sea-bank, and the shore,
And the haunts that long have known ye, shall know ye soon no more !

The Blue-point and the Shrewsbury† are vanishing away,
And clamless soon will be our streams, and oysterless our bay ;
Rapacious man, before your prime, ordains that ye shall die,
And drags ye from your cool retreats to boil and stew and fry !

Why were ye made so racy, rich, and luscious to the taste ?
'Tis that has stripped your thickest banks, and made your beds a waste ;
"Your virtues have proved sanctified and holy traitors to ye,"
And that which was your proudest boast has served but to undo ye !

E'en I, the friend of all thy kind, when I think of what thou art,
When I ponder o'er the melting joys thy swallowing will impart,
Can delay thy fate no longer ; one look, it is my last !
A gulp—one more—a silent pause—a sigh—and all is past !

* Those who wish to enjoy this delicious restorative in the utmost perfection must eat it the moment it is opened, with its own gravy in the under shell ; if not eaten while absolutely alive, its flavor and spirit are lost.—*Kitchiner*.

† Two famous species, found adjacent to New-York, now nearly extinct.

PASSAGES
IN THE LIFE OF AN UNFORTUNATE.

“ Ah me ! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.”

THOMAS AUGUSTUS PHELPS was a junior clerk in a small retail store, in an unfrequented part of Maiden-lane. His salary was insignificant, and his expenses were considerable ; and, there being no visible channel through which extraneous funds could come into his possession, how he contrived, as the saying is, “ to make both ends meet,” was a problem which his most intimate friends were utterly unable to solve, and which was, moreover, a subject upon which, for some reason or other, he always declined to throw any light. He was generally characterized as a genteel and rather well-informed young man—that is, his dress was unexceptionable ; his address easy, forward, and flippant ; and he discoursed with uncommon fluency on a number of subjects which he knew nothing about.

After he had gone through the business of the day, he improved his mind, of an evening, by playing billiards, and his morals by lounging about the saloons and lobbies of the theatre, from which places he criticized the performances in a very decided manner. This he was the better enabled to do, from being hand and glove with many of the minor actors, by whom he was let into the secret that the principal favorites of the town were persons destitute of ability, but that the capabilities of the minors were uncommon, though lost to the public by a monstrous system of managerial mismanagement, which bore heavily upon the whole mass, and with intense severity upon the peculiar talents of the several informants. But his greatest qualification was his inexhaustible fund of what is termed "small talk !" This he poured forth on all occasions, in "one weak, washy, everlasting flood," in a way that gained him the ardent admiration of numerous young ladies, and at last made an indelible impression upon the susceptible heart of Miss Julia Carmine, only surviving child of an artificial-flower manufacturer in Division-street. Julia was a beauteous being, in the spring of life. Her features were strictly and chastely classical, excepting her nose, mouth, chin, and forehead ; her eyes were exceedingly blue, her color rich and roseate,

and her auburn tresses flowed in luxuriant ringlets down her lovely neck, which was somewhat short. Nature had done every thing for her, setting aside that she wore artificial curls, and had purchased the majority of her teeth ; and though her complexion of a morning was rather sallow, yet when dressed out, and seen by candle or gas-light, she was in reality a very pretty looking young woman. She had faults, to be sure—who has not ? But the greatest of them were, that she talked occasionally a sort of mongrel French, played on the guitar, and kept an album.

What a sacred thing is first love ! and its accompanying train of inexplicable and indescribable feelings ! and how hallowed in the imagination becomes every spot connected with this purest of passions ; particularly the spot where a mutual reciprocation of sentiment first took place ! It is that of which I am about to speak. Julia and Thomas Augustus sat alone one evening in a small arbor, or rather wooden box, in a retired corner of the “ Bowery tea-garden ;”

“ The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,”

and a variegated lamp, attached to the front of the box, was all that shed a melancholy radiance over

the scene. Both experienced sensations unknown till then, and they had each a glass of ice-cream before them.

“How beautiful is the firmament, with all its countless myriads of twinkling stars,” observed Thomas Augustus Phelps, looking upwards.

“Beautiful indeed!” sighed Julia.

“And this ice-cream aint so coarse neither,” said he.

“No—by no means,” responded she.

“Methinks,” continued Thomas, “I could sit for ever thus, with thee by my side, gazing upon the blue vault of heaven, beloved Julia!”

Julia did not answer, but her silence spoke more eloquently than words; she bowed her head, and it is presumed blushed, but, as the lamp wanted trimming, there was not light enough distinctly to ascertain that fact. Thomas Augustus gently drew the sweet girl towards him, and oh! extremity of bliss! she did not resist. The coldness of worldly restraint was broken down—they exchanged vows of everlasting fidelity, and Thomas was about to seal the covenant on her lovely lips, when the man that goes about to gather up the empty glasses, unceremoniously popped his head into the box, and observed, “that he did not allow of them there sort of proceedings in his garden!”

Thomas Augustus would have resented this injurious insinuation on the instant, only he was by no means athletic, and did not possess a particle of courage. He therefore contented himself with declaiming for some time in a style of lofty invective, and wound up by indignantly paying the man what he owed him, tucking Julia under his arm, and walking out of the shrubbery.

It is necessary, however, to premise that twelve months antecedent to the tender passages on which we have been dilating, Mr. Phelps commenced business on his own account in Canal-street. His debut was made during that auspicious period denominated the "Canal-street fever," when, in consequence of the lowness of the rents in that part of the city, every body flocked thither, which caused the landlords to quadruple their original demands, by which judicious proceeding they ruined their tenants and got no rent at all. He had invariably represented his affairs to Julia as being in a most prosperous state; but unfortunately, though he was a young man possessed of many virtues, a love of truth was not one of them. Indeed, they who knew him best, affirmed that he was a notorious liar, and there is no reason to doubt their word. As he had started altogether on credit, and as he spent all the money that came in as the goods went out, when

his bills fell due, he told his creditors he was extremely sorry, but that he had no funds to meet their demands: they in return assured him that they were extremely sorry to hear it, seized upon the residue of his stock, and turned him out of doors. This was hard to bear, and he flew on the wings of love to find consolation in the society of his beloved Julia; but she was not at home. The next day he called, and still the same answer. On the evening of the third day he was admitted to her presence, but "Oh frailty—thy name is woman!" she had heard of his misfortunes, and received him with chilling politeness. The lady was not at all mercenary; but then she had found it convenient, as she informed him, to plight her virgin vows to Mr. Raphael Jackson, (familiarly termed Ralph Jackson) and they were to be married early in the ensuing week. Thomas stood mute and motionless, for, as the poet justly observes,

" Oh! colder than the wind that freezes
Founts, that but now in sunshine played,
Is the congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bosom when betrayed."

What barbed the dart and made the matter worse, was that this Mr. Raphael Jackson—a young lawyer with a good deal of cunning, and more impu-

dence, consequently likely to do well in the world—was his most particular friend. Julia aroused him from his trance by asking him if he would not “stay to tea?” this offer he indignantly spurned, and immediately quitted the premises. The next morning he found on his table an invitation to the wedding. It was, of course, never suspected that he would accept it, and was purely meant as a piece of gratuitous insolence on the part of the bride. Whoever calculated, however, on his not coming, reckoned without their host. “Yes!” exclaimed he mentally, as he surveyed the perfumed rose-colored note; “yes; I will see her once more—for the last—ay, for the last time!”

About seven o'clock in the evening of the twenty-second of April, 1827, a jovial wedding party were assembled at the house of Mr. Carmine, in Division-street, to celebrate the nuptials of his accomplished daughter. All was prepared for the impressive ceremony. The bride had got through shedding the preliminary tears usual on these occasions; the bridegroom was doing his best, as in duty bound, to look joyous and happy; the bridesmaids were tittering and laughing for some reason or reasons best known to themselves; the groomsmen were endeavoring to be uncommonly facetious, and the clergyman had put on a look meant to rebuke all

tittering and facetiousness, when the door suddenly opened, and a figure stalked into the room. It was Mr. Thomas Augustus Phelps, but alas, how changed ! He looked not like one who had come to participate in a scene of happiness. His boots were dirty, his hat was slouched over his eyes, his coat was buttoned up to his chin, his cravat was far from clean, and his hands were stuck into his trowsers' pockets. The company recoiled, the bride uttered a faint exclamation, and the bridegroom stepped forward and demanded in a bullying tone of voice, "the meaning of this extraordinary intrusion ?" Phelps spoke not a word, but drew from his right-hand coat pocket the perfumed rose-colored invitation note, and presented it to the bridegroom. He then drew from his left-hand coat pocket an uncommonly large horse-pistol, upon which Mr. Raphael Jackson retreated with great precipitation. Phelps deliberately cocked the pistol, and an uncommon curiosity took possession of the guests to see which one of them he intended to sacrifice. This interesting suspense was soon ended ; for slowly bringing the fatal weapon in a line with his own forehead, he proceeded to pull the irrevocable trigger. A struggle ensued, and dreadful to relate, in the scuffle the pistol went off full in the face of one of the fair young bridesmaids. Fortu-

nately she sustained no injury, which led to a suspicion that the instrument of death had been loaded with an eye to safety. Upon this the gallant bridegroom experienced a revivification of valor. He stepped forward, informed the unfortunate Phelps that he should hear from him in the morning through the medium of Mr. Hays, and peremptorily ordered him to leave the room. The poor bride, who during this scene had been rather in the back ground, thought she now perceived a favorable opportunity for display, and accordingly, as the most natural expedient, commenced a fainting fit; but there being no one sufficiently on the alert to catch her in his arms, and having, in the hurry of the moment, neglected the precaution of seeing that there was a chair in her immediate vicinity, she was obliged, when just upon the brink of insensibility, not only to recede considerably, but also to look around her and diverge from a straight line in order to attain that necessary piece of furniture. This gave such an air of insincerity to the whole proceeding, that even her warmest admirers were compelled to admit that the attempt was a failure. Mr. Jackson once more asked Mr. Phelps whether he intended to quit the room, or whether he was waiting for him (Jackson) to put him out. Phelps scorned to reply; a peculiar expression flitted over

his pale features, he cast an indescribable look towards the bride, and then did as he was desired.

On the following day, about noon, a gallant Liverpool packet was passing Sandy Hook, outward bound. On her deck stood the principal actor in the intended tragedy of the preceding evening. His disappointment in love, and some fraudulent transactions connected with his late failure, had induced him to seek relief in change of scene. The breeze was fair, and the vessel was careering "o'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea" at the rate of about nine knots an hour. Phelps stood at the stern of the ship gazing intently on the land of his forefathers, which was fast fading in the distance. A slight blue line at the verge of the horizon was all that remained to him of the home of his childhood—the scene of so many balls, and publics, and parties—where he had danced, and sung, and played billiards, and eaten oysters when a mere boy; the tears started to his eyes, he leaned his head over the ship's side, and in a voice choked with agony, exclaimed—

"Oh, captain, I am very sick!"

The captain, in that cheerful tone of voice with which a man who has nothing the matter with him consoles another who has, replied, "Never mind, sir—you'll be better in a day or two—haul taut the fore-top-sail halliards there! belay!"

This to Phelps, whose face exhibited as many shades of blue, and black, and green, and yellow, as the back of a dying dolphin, was a great consolation. Indeed I have myself often had occasion to observe the happy effects of similar scraps of comfort applied to sea-sick passengers. It is so pleasant when you are suffering under this horrible affliction—when every minute seems an age, and every hour an eternity—to be told, “never mind, sir, you’ll get over it in less than a week, maybe !”

Time rolled on, and nothing reached the American shores concerning the fate of Thomas Augustus Phelps, except a flying report that he had been undergoing a course of exercises in the Brixton tread-mill, when one Sunday morning, in the autumn of the year 1829, a shabby-genteel personage was seen strutting up Broadway. It was Phelps—yet why was he here? His first love blessed another; and the children that ought to have been called Phelps, were christened Jackson. The wooden paling of Trinity church-yard was at that period prostrate, and the cast-iron railing had not been erected, so that there was no obstacle to a free ingress to and egress from the burying-ground. Phelps wandered in among the tombs—a presentiment of some overhanging evil weighed heavily upon his breast, and before he had procèeded far

he came to a plain marble slab almost overgrown with grass. A strange curiosity seized him; he knelt down and parted the rank weeds which overshadowed it; a sunbeam at that moment darted precisely on the place, and he saw, carved in legible German-text, the simple inscription "Julia." He was indescribably affected; and yet he felt a melancholy pleasure in thinking that she had too late become sensible of his merits, and pined into the grave in consequence of his absence. While indulging in this train of reflection, a troop of little boys, attracted by the extraordinary spectacle of a man upon his knees in a church-yard, began to gather round, shouting and pelting him with earth and small pebbles. He arose to reprimand them; but there having been a heavy shower of rain, and he having white duck trowsers on, the effect of his kneeling, upon his clothes, can, like a young heroine's feelings, be more easily imagined than described. He instantly, therefore, became an object of universal observation, and the little boys shouted and pelted more than ever. Phelps was exasperated beyond measure; he seized one of the young miscreants, shook him well, and threatened the most dreadful corporeal chastisement if he did not desist.

“Hurrah for Jackson!”* exclaimed the young rebel, nothing daunted.

“Hurrah for Jackson!” chimed in his companions in evil-doing. This pointed, though unintentional allusion to his rival, at once unnerved Phelps—recollections of former insults and injuries came over him, and he strode from the burial-ground, the boys hurraing all the while at his coat-tail; when lo! who should be seen issuing from the church porch but Mr. Raphael Jackson himself with his own Julia, now Mrs. Jackson, hanging on his arm! This was too much—so then it appeared she had not pined away in his absence—she had not died—and he had been kneeling by the side of some one else’s Julia! They passed him without speaking, he muttered dreadful imprecations to himself, and bent his way down Wall-street.

He is now only the wreck of his former self, though he is more corpulent than he was wont to be, yet it is not a healthy corpulency; and his apparel is the extreme of what is generally denominated “seedy.” Yet amid this moral and physical desolation some traces of identity are yet preserved—some glimmerings of what once was Phelps!

* A common political cry about this time with young republicans.

There is still that peculiar strut in his walk, and he still wears his hat knowingly adjusted on one side of his head ; but he drinks like a fish, talks politics incessantly, and his shirt-frill is much be-daubed with snuff. What will be his final fate depends upon ulterior circumstances ; at present it is enveloped in the mists and darkness of futurity.

SPRING.

Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.—*Song of Solomon, chap. II.*

EVERY year, all the periodicals, in every city, in every country of the earth, have something to say upon the subject of spring, and have had something to say since time was, or at least, since periodicals were born, and will continue to have something to say until time shall cease to be. It is, in all respects, a most prolific theme, and there is no more chance of exhausting it, than of exhausting our kind mother earth of grass, leaves, and flowers, and the never-dying vegetative principle. The reason is obvious enough: last year's grass, and leaves, and flowers are dead and past away—their freshness and fragrance are forgotten, and their beauty is remembered no more; so it is with the essays, reflections, songs, and sonnets that sprang into life in the spring of eighteen hundred and

twenty-nine—they also have passed away, and their sweet thoughts and pretty sayings are likewise remembered no more ; but as last year's vegetation fell to the earth and became incorporated with it only to be reproduced again in forms of fresh brilliancy and beauty, so do the thoughts and images of former writers assume a new shape, and bear the impress of the present time by appearing in all magazines and newspapers, daily, weekly, and monthly, for the year eighteen hundred and thirty. And there is no plagiarism in all this ; it is merely, as Puff says, “two people happening to think of the same idea, only one hit upon it before the other—that's all.” Indeed, who would think of plagiarism on such an exhaustless subject as spring? Why a thousand thoughts and images that have lain dormant in the mind start into life at the mere mention of the word. As the fresh April breeze, laden with healthful fragrance, blows upon you, it becomes a sort of natural impulse to vent your feelings either by pen or speech. You look back upon the snow, and fog, and sharp unfeeling winds of winter as upon a desolate waste over which you have trodden, and fancy, as you see nature putting on her youthful gay attire, that you are entering into another and better state of existence ; forgetful that though her spring may be

eternal, your own is flitting fast away, never to be renewed. But no reflections ! let them come with winter, their fitting season. Spring was made for enjoyment, or rather, anticipation of enjoyment—promises of good—pleasant visions, and gorgeous castles in the air. Experience convinces not the young. They think not of their last year's visions that have faded away, nor the aerial castles that have tumbled about their ears ; or if they do, it is only to contrast their frailty with the firm texture and sure foundation of those in the perspective. But though spring be delightful to all classes, it is so to each in a different way, and for a different reason. In the country, your true agriculturist, though he wander amid a wilderness of sweets, marks not the tiny buds that are expanding and blooming into beauty all around—to be sure, he hopes that no killing frost will come and spoil his prospects of cider, but that is all. These are too small concerns for his capacious head. He ponders on acres of corn and fields of buck-wheat, and plans where barley should be sown and where oats. He looks into futurity and calculates how much the yet unengendered grain will bring ; he schemes how his barren land may be artificially fertilized in the best and cheapest manner, and it is his business, not his pleasure, to take note of the wonderful operations

of nature. His wife considereth the dairy, and looketh out with motherly care that her sleek and velvet-coated cows be not turned from their winter quarters into damp and swampy meadows, lest they contract colds, coughs, catarrhs, and other disorders incident to cattle ; while the rosy-cheeked daughter attends to the poultry, (always the daughter's perquisite) and literally "reckons her chickens before they are hatched." Anxiously does she watch that the young turkeys (the most tender of domestic fowls) do not get wet feet ; for on the proceeds arising from their sale depend the splendor of the gown and the quantity and quality of the ribbon that have in summer to adorn the village church, and excite the wonder and admiration of its simple congregation. So passes spring with them and others of their class. They talk and think less of its beauties than those who merely get glimpses of them in crowded cities, and have to draw upon their imagination for the rest.

In the city spring brings with it a still more multifarious collection of hopeful schemes and projects. Business that has been in a state of stagnation during the winter now flows briskly through a thousand different channels ; and the ladies, whose business is pleasure, are busier than any one else, for the spring fashions have come ; milliners are now

the most obsequious of people ; tailors examine with a curious eye the coats of their customers as they meet them in the streets, and inquire most kindly and disinterestedly after their health and prospects ; merchants are scattering their ventures abroad, ships are fitting out, much beef is salted down, and many biscuits baked, but a number of hard things said about the tariff notwithstanding ; the North river is emancipated from ice, and owners of steamboats are preparing to oblige the public and ruin themselves by vigorous competition ; the rustling of silks is heard in Broadway, criticisms upon hats, gowns, and trimmings are much in vogue amongst the fair creatures who pace its fashionable side, and they look upon spring as the most charming season of the year, "it is so delightful for morning calls."

Spring is coming ! all good things are coming ! and some good things are going—oysters are going—there will soon be no R in the month, and then they are gone ; but shad are coming ; strawberries and pretty country girls are coming, so is fresh butter ; the men of Rochester and Buffalo, and other districts of the "far west" have come, and they wander up and down the streets in "wrapt amazement" at the never ceasing jingling of fort-pianos, and the twanging of guitars, harps, and

other stringed instruments; the sons of the South have come, and Virginians, Carolinians, and Georgians are to be seen sauntering along, and gazing with horror at the shocking quantity of freedom enjoyed by the poor black wretches whom they chance to meet, and though they see it every summer, they are never able to get over the astonishment created by beholding a dark dandy or an African coquette—as if white people possessed the exclusive right to make fools of themselves. “Ah!” think they, as a colored gentleman unceremoniously takes the wall of them—“Ah! if I only had you in Savannah!”

But spring has still its sad feelings, and after levity comes heaviness of heart. It is a joyous season to those who, like the year, are in their spring-time, just bursting into untried life; but to such as have seen that time pass away for ever, whose spirits are depressed by difficulties, or broken by unavailing struggles, it is a season rather of melancholy retrospection than present enjoyment. The aged or unfortunate are insensible to its influence; they recall *their* spring, and mournfully contrast the happy past with the dreary present; truly is it said,

“Joy’s recollection is no longer joy
While sorrow’s memory is sorrow still;”

and deeply do they feel its truth. To those in their prime it is, at times, perhaps sadder still to look back upon the flowery fields of existence through which they have been rambling, and to contrast them with the beaten track they now tread, and the desolate prospect that lies before them. The friends of their youth have passed away, so have their brightest hopes; they feel themselves changed, and their capacities for happiness diminished; they see things full of joy and promise around, and are filled with a mixture of wordly scorn and unavailing regret for what can no more be theirs; and sadly do they enter into the feelings of the poet—

“ The sky is blue, the sward is green,
The leaf upon the bough is seen,
The wind comes from the balmy west,
The little songster builds its nest,
The bee hums on from flower to flower,
Till twilight’s dim and pensive hour,
The joyous year returns—but when
Shall by-past times come back again ?”

PHILADELPHIA—NEW-YORK—BOSTON.

SATIRISTS have said that all the concerns, great and small, of this bustling world, its love and war, laws, literature, and business, have self for their beginning and self for their end; and that even charity to others is only a more refined species of self-love. Whether these suppositions be correct or not, will, like the destiny of the lost pleiad, and the powers of the general government, always remain matters of opinion; and far be it from me to attempt to settle, and thereby render of no effect, such interesting topics of conversation and speculation.

In putting pen to paper, it is certainly best to avoid all new and hazardous assertions, and to content one's self with advancing, in a fearless manner, what no one can possibly doubt. I may, therefore, in the language of some writers, who display a large quantity of superfluous valor and determination when there is no occasion for it, boldly

assert, without fear of contradiction, that self-love is no rarity in this world of ours. It manifests itself in a variety of ways, some of which are exceedingly curious and amusing, and as pleasant to laugh at as a friend's misfortunes. One of its most ludicrous forms is the way in which men interest themselves in little localities, the pride they feel in them, and the additional importance which they imagine attaches to themselves, in consequence of the celebrity of the city or district to which they belong, for some small matter or other. Thus, a Philadelphian identifies himself with the breed of horned cattle in the vicinity of that city—he considers their fame and his own as inseparable, and looks down upon a citizen of New-York because the cows of Pennsylvania give richer milk than those of Long Island ; a Bostonian thinks he ranks considerably higher in the scale of creation on account of the occult mystery of making pumpkin pies having attained a state of perfection in Boston as yet unknown in the regions of the south, north, and west ; while a New-Yorker is apt to be dogmatical on all things connected with canals, though perhaps he never saw one in his life, merely because the longest one in the world was accomplished in his native state.

They say “ there is but one step from the sub-

lime to the ridiculous." Now the feelings of pride and love with which a man looks upon his native country, are very proper and natural; and though, in the eye of cold-blooded philosophy, a person is neither any thing the better nor the worse for the spot of earth which he may chance to have been born upon, yet men generally never have been, nor ever will be of that opinion. The laws and institutions of a country, the fame of its literature and science, and the long train of glorious deeds that have been accumulating for ages, descend to a man as a species of national property, and there is no one but who values himself so much the more for his share in it, and looks upon himself as braver and wiser on account of the brave and wise men his native land has bred. There is something noble in this feeling in the aggregate; but when it comes to be frittered away upon small matters—to be divided and subdivided into counties, towns, and villages, it is simply ridiculous. Some persons carry their local feelings to an extraordinary extent: not only is their own country the greatest in the world, but their city, for some reason or other, is the best in the country; the street in which they reside the best in the city, the house they occupy the best in the street, their room the best in the house, and themselves, by all odds, the best in the

room. Nay, some do not even stop here. There are people who form little local attachments about their own persons, and fall in love with an eye, a nose, a cheek, a chin, or a finger-nail. One of the first vocalists on the British stage, is known absolutely to doat on the construction of his leg ; he thinks, that since legs were made, nature never constructed such a pair as he is the possessor of, and he accordingly takes every opportunity of obtruding them upon the observation of the audience. The earnestness with which he details their circumference, in various parts, to his friends and acquaintance, and the complacency with which he regards them when only covered with thin black silk stockings, would be a fine subject for any clergyman who wished to preach a sermon on the vanities of this world. Unfortunately the costume of English opera but seldom affords an opportunity for the display of the pedestals on which the musical hero's body is erected, and those of Mr. — were too often doomed to be secluded in long wide trowsers, from the admiration of the public. But the fates were not always averse, and times would occur when thin black silk stockings were not at variance with the stage regulations. Alexander the Great was a proud and happy man when he crossed the Granicus ; Henry the Fifth when the battle of Agincourt

brought the French nobles, who had been playing at dice for him, captives at his feet ; Apelles when his rival mistook his curtain picture for reality, and Brigadier General——the tailor, when surrounded by the best dressed staff in the militia, arrayed in coats of superfine cloth of his own making ; but none of them were so proud and happy as this vocalist when he at last obtained an opportunity of submitting his unexceptionable pair of legs to the public view. He would rush upon the stage and pour forth his excited feelings in song, and there were few who could entrance an audience with the melody of sound like him—they would hang with breathless attention upon every accent, and he never failed to make his exit amid the most deafening applause. This he was far from attributing altogether to his vocal powers. “ Ah ! ” he would say, as he reached the side wing, at the same time slapping the objects of his admiration with affectionate familiarity—“ Ah ! it is some time since they have seen such a leg as that ! ”

This is a long episode, but as it is a fact, and at the same time shows the length to which men will carry their local partialities, it may perhaps be excused. I was greatly amused last week on board a steam-boat, by listening attentively to a disputatious conversation between a Bostonian, a New-

Yorker, and a Philadelphian, setting forth the several excellencies of their several cities. The Bostonian was the most learned and pedantic, the New-York man the most loquacious and grandiloquent, and the Philadelphian the most sensitive and uncompromising. The first discoursed in a lofty strain of the classic charms of antiquity, and the advanced state of literature and the fine arts in the regions round about Cape Cod. "The unequalled state of our literary and scientific institutions," said he, "and the extreme beauty of many of our public buildings must be admitted"—

"Public buildings," interrupted the Philadelphian, cutting short the thread of the man of Boston's discourse, "if you want to see a public building, look at our market, look at our bank, look at our"—

"And if you talk of architectural beauty," said the New-Yorker, "look at our City-hall and St. Paul's church, and the Park theatre; and as for the fine arts," continued he with solemnity, "I regard them as introducing luxury and corruption—as fitted only for the tainted atmosphere of Europe—as inconsistent with the genius of our political institutions, and, I thank heaven, the charge of encouraging them cannot be laid to New-York. No!" quoth he, gathering strength as he went along, like a stone rolling down a hill,—“give me the useful

arts. When I contemplate the immense sums *our* custom-house yearly pays into the national treasury —when I behold our docks crowded with shipping —when I survey our spacious bay, studded with islands, and our waters covered with”——

“Your waters !” interrupted the Philadelphian, unable any longer to withstand this torrent of eulogium, “your waters ! why there isn’t a drop of water fit to drink in your whole town. If you want water, go to Philadelphia ; or if you want milk, or peaches, or shad, or straight streets, or fresh butter, or fresh air, or”——

“Fresh air !” interrupted York, in a supercilious tone, and with an ironical though somewhat agitated expression of countenance, “why, you have no air worth speaking of in Philadelphia ; look at *our* fresh air—*our* fresh sea breezes daily wafted from the vast Atlantic through our streets.”

“*Through* your streets !” reiterated the descendant of William Penn in a fury ; “*through* your streets ! Let me tell you, sir, your sea-breezes *may* be good enough, but your streets are so cursedly crooked that the breezes cannot find their way *through* them—let me tell you that, sir.”

The blood of the man of York was up ; but he endeavored to keep down his rising wrath, and then in a voice of affected calmness, though trem-

bling with rage, began to undervalue and sneer at straight streets, and boldly affirmed that crooked ones were infinitely better for a variety of reasons that he did not think proper to mention, and that any man of taste would decide that Pearl-street was a finer street than any in Philadelphia.

This was perfectly unbearable, and the Philadelphian, after swearing in a very wicked manner, went on to more than insinuate that his opponent was a fool, an ass, an idiot, and no gentleman ; and they might have proceeded to settle whether straight or crooked streets were best by knocking each other's brains out, if the company had not interfered. Happily at this crisis the dinner-bell rang, and to those who have traveled much in steam-boats, I need say no more to account for the instant cessation of all symptoms of hostility. Never did the clock strike twelve in a romantic melo-drama produce so dramatic an effect, as the ringing of the dinner-bell on board of a steam-boat. All previous topics of conversation, argumentation, or disputation, are instantly swept away, and a universal rush is made towards the savory cabin. You may know an old traveler by observing him take his station near the hatchway as the time approaches. As soon as the welcome sound strikes his ear, he gives a look of triumph round the deck for a single instant at the

inconsiderate persons who, in remote parts of it, have been gratifying their passion for the picturesque, and immediately dives below. Then may be seen the hurry and trepidation of the novice, the struggle on the part of the gentlemen between the attention and politeness due to the ladies, and their own love of victuals—the painful efforts of the ladies to preserve an air of unconcern and composure, and their anxiety touching the delicate first-cuts from the bosoms of capons and turkeys—then may be seen the utter looks of consternation of those unfortunate people who happen to be at the bows of the boat, and the glare of horrid malignity with which all the company above regard any corpulent old gentleman who takes his time in descending the ladder. The most impudent thing I ever witnessed in the whole course of my existence, was during a scene of this kind, on board a steam-boat last summer. An astonishingly fat old man was, by reason of his previous advantageous locality, almost the first who reached the entrance to the cabin when the dinner-bell rang. He swung his unwieldy mass of brawn slowly and heavily into the doorway, completely obstructing the passage, and proceeded to descend at a snail's pace, amid the smothered execrations of the company. After a considerable interval of time, he succeeded in reaching

the middle of the ladder, when, what will it be supposed the fat old man did? He actually came to a full stop, took his hat from his head, drew from thence a pocket-handkerchief, proceeded deliberately to wipe his forehead, then one cheek, then the other, and concluded by drawing it leisurely across his chin, after which he deposited it in his hat again, placed his hat on his head, and continued on his way as if he had done nothing amiss. It speaks volumes for the morals of the people and the state of society, when I affirm, though it may seem incredible, that he escaped without the slightest violence! As the lady says in the tragedy, "curses kill not;" and it was lucky for the fat old gentleman that this was the case, otherwise he would have been a lifeless corpse before dinner that day.

I have rather wandered from the subject of localities, and it is now too late to recur to it again. I may, however, state, that the Bostonian, Philadelphian, and New-Yorker spoke no more during the passage, and doubtless parted with a hearty contempt for each other; thus adding one more to the many instances of the utility of warm disputes about nothing at all.

OLD SONGS.

Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain ;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chaunt it.—*Shaks.*

I LIKE an old song. It is the freshest piece of antiquity in existence ; and is, moreover, liable to no selfish individual appropriation. It was born far back in the traditionary times, so that its parentage is somewhat equivocal ; yet its reputation suffers not on that account, and it comes down to us associated with all kinds of fond and endearing reminiscences. It melted or gladdened the hearts of our forefathers, and has since floated around the green earth, finding a welcome in every place humanized by a ray of fancy or feeling, from “throne to cottage hearth.” It has trembled on the lips of past and forgotten beauty ; and has served, in countless wooings, as the appropriate medium for the first

fearful breathings of affection. The youthful maiden has broken the silence with it in many a lovely, lonely dell ; and the shepherd has chaunted it on the still hill side. The rude sailor has filled up the pauses of his watch by whistling it to the shrill winds and sullen waters ; and it has bowed the head, brought the tear to the eye, and recalled home, and home thoughts to the mind of many a wanderer on a distant shore. It has been heard in the solitudes of nature, and at the crowded, festive board. It has refreshed the worn-out heart of the worldling, and awakened "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears," in the minds of the moody and contemplative. It has been a source of consolation and joy to those who have passed away ; it comes unexhausted to us ; and it will glide gently down the stream of time, cheering and soothing as it goes, from generation unto generation, till utilitarianism becomes universal, and music and poetry fade into a dimly remembered dream. Yet a true-bred, moth-eaten antiquary would sacrifice it, if he could, for a copper coin fifty years its senior !

If any musical man expect, from the title to this, a learned article, he will be egregiously disappointed. I have no pretensions to treat this subject scientifically, being, indeed, admirably qualified, in this age of confessions, as far as want of knowledge

goes, to write the "confessions of an unmusical man." As regards flats and sharps, I am truly little better than a natural ; and as for quavers, semi-quavers, demi-semi-quavers, and other subtler divisions, if there be any, I am as ignorant of them as the ass that crops his thistle off the common, and brays in whatsoever note nature prompts him. But what of that ! Music is not altogether a mechanical science ; and there are profounder sympathies in the heart of man than the orchestra think of. There is no more nauseous animal in existence than your musical coxcomb, who has all the terms and technicalities of the art at his tongue's end, without the glimmering of an idea concerning the human passions, the deep feelings, and the keen and delicate perception of the beautiful, on which that art is founded. Proportionably to be admired is the man who, after spending years in study and research, and successfully fathoming and mastering all difficulties, never dreams of considering his laboriously-acquired knowledge as more than merely an accessory, not a principal, in the delightful science he has made his study. The former are, as a naturalist would express it, "in theatres and at concerts—common ;" the latter is of a species scarce all over the world.

There may be loftier flights—a higher species of

fame, than that attained or aimed at by the song-writer ; but there is no one to whom honor is more gladly rendered by the mass of mortals. His claims come into notice, for the most part, in a genial season—when friends are met, and the glass and sentiment and song go round ; when gladness swells the heart, fancy tickles the brain, and mirth and good-humor sparkle from the eye ;—when Bacchus has almost closed up criticism's venomous optics, and laid hyper-criticism quietly under the table ;—when the fine-strung nerves are exquisitely alive to all pleasurable sensations ;—then it is that divine music, wedded to still diviner poesy, can, in an instant,

—— “ bid the warm tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek ;”

and then it is that the memories of the masters of song are pledged with a fervor that the ethical or epic poet may despise, but can never either expect or hope for from the partiality of his cooler admirers. Next to Shakspeare there is no one whose memory is more fondly treasured than that of Burns. Independently of being intensely loved and revered wherever a Scottish accent is heard, social societies are formed in every country in which his language is known, to keep that memory fresh

and green. And he well deserves it. Perhaps his songs are the best ever written. He has not the polish, the refinement, the exuberance of imagery, or the sparkling fancy of Moore, but he excels him in humor and pathos. They are, however, both glorious fellows ; and it must be a narrow heart that cannot find room for admiration of more than one. If the lyrics of Burns do not, as yet, strictly come under the designation of "old songs," they at least will do so, for they have the germ of immortality within them. It is almost impossible to dream of the time when "Auld Lang Syne" will *not* be sung. He had his faults (I am no Scotchman), and in turning over his pages, besides occasional coarseness and bad taste, you sometimes meet with a verse, that, "not to speak it profanely," bears a striking resemblance to utter nonsense ; for instance, (though what could be expected from words to such a tune—"Robin Adair !")

" Down in a shady walk,
Doves cooing were,
I mark'd the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare :
So kind may fortune be,
Such make his destiny !
He who would injure thee,
Phillis the fair !"

But if your admiration of the poet begin to falter

for a moment, perhaps the very next page brings you to "Highland Mary," "Ae fond kiss and then we sever," "A man's a man for a' that," "Mary Morrison," or, that song without a name commencing—

"Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
*Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy !*"

Burns has done for Scottish song what Scott has done for Scottish history—made it known and renowned in every portion of the globe; and had "auld Scotland" never produced any other names of note, these two are amply sufficient to honor and glorify her through all time.

What are generally known by the name of "Irish songs,"—the "Paddy Whackmeracks," and "Barney Brallagans" of the pot-house and the play-house, bear ten times less resemblance to the genuine melodies of the "green isle," than even the majority of regular stage Irishmen do to the existing natives. Both are merely broad English caricatures. The soul of Irish music, beyond that of all other national music, is melancholy. It is, perhaps, too fine a distinction to draw, but of the serious melodies of the three nations, perhaps the English airs are most characterized by mournful sadness—those of Scotland by pathos and tender-

ness—and those of Ireland by a wild, wailing melancholy, of an almost indescribable character. But words are poor expositors in such cases. Let any one play a few airs from each, and they will probably furnish him at once with the distinction here attempted to be drawn. I would humbly suggest “Coolin,” or “Silent, oh Moyle,” as the strongest instances I can think of on the part of Ireland. The English, it is said, have no national melody; and perhaps this is true of that portion of the country from Dover to the borders; but long prior to the presence of the Normans, who changed the manners and injured the pithiness of the language of the natives, the British had melodies marked by great simplicity and sweetness. Who does not remember the beautiful song, “Ayr hyd y nos,” familiarly known as “Poor Mary Ann?”—then there is that fine air, “Of a noble race was Shenkin,” and many others, which may be found in Parry’s Welsh Melodies. These are still to be met with in many a quiet and sequestered glen amid the fastnesses of Wales, where the harp of the Druids took sanctuary, and where the poetry and melody of that mysterious sect are still preserved. It is no wonder that at the inpouring of the heterogeneous and mercenary Norman flood, the pure native melodies became corrupted, and were nearly swept away;

yet, notwithstanding, the splendid church music of the English excites the deep admiration of Europe ; and their glees and madrigals have never been excelled. Purcell, Locke, Jackson, and Arne, have written many charming melodies : but to come nearer to the present day, if I may venture an opinion, I would say that justice has scarcely been done to Shield, a sound, manly composer, who has left a number of things behind him which really and truly deserve to live and flourish amid the mass of musical compositions that, fungus-like, hourly spring into existence, and as rapidly decay. "The Thorn," "Let Fame sound the Trumpet," "Old Towler," "Heaving the Lead," "Ere round the huge Oak," and a number of others, if they cannot justly lay claim to any great degree of imaginative beauty, have at least an infusion of genuine melody—a body, ay, and a soul, that will long preserve them from oblivion.

Shakspeare's songs, for the most part, have been fortunate in being married to good music ; some of them almost better than they deserve. Whether in ridicule or not of the song-writers of his time, he certainly made too liberal a use of the "heigh hos" and "ninny nonnys." Next to Ariel's pretty fancy, "Where the bee sucks, there lurk I," the one with the most freedom and lyrical beauty is, to my taste,

“ Under the Greenwood Tree.” But it loses half its effect when transplanted from the forest of Arden, and sung in a modern room, amid long coats, cravats, decanters, and etiquette. Neither does it assimilate better with boisterous mirth and whiskey punch. Yet it is an ill-used song, even on the stage. It is too operatically given. Your Amiens is generally (like the majority of male music-mongers) a stiff-limbed piece of humanity, who understands singing, and little else ; he generally takes his station about four feet from the foot-lamps, and there, with elongated physiognomy, and one arm protruded towards the pit, goes through his work with most clock-like precision. To parody a beautiful simile, it is “ music breathing from a wooden block ;” all which is very unlike the free-hearted lord whom we imagine, throwing himself at the root of some antique oak, and, in a fine, mellow voice, trolling forth, until the old forest rang again, his most joyous invitation. But this may be amended when, amid the other astonishing improvements of the times, leading vocalists shall be endowed with joints and ideas. Next to this, I like the one now invariably put into the mouth of Rosalind, and christened the “ Cuckoo Song”

“ When daisies pied, and violets, blue.”

But your stage Rosalind is generally the reverse of Amiens—an arch, vivacious lass, who imparts due effect to the mixture of natural images and domestic ideas suggested by the saucy words of the song.

The sea, “the battle and the breeze,” and the rapid and manifold vicissitudes incident to the life of a sailor, furnish a bold and beautiful variety of subjects capable of being turned to good account in a song or ballad. Yet, somehow or other, Apollo does not much affect the quarter-deck. The ocean brine is too powerful for the waters of Castaly. Poesy in some sort suffers by a “sea-change ;” and the quantity to be extracted from a volume of genuine naval ditties is wofully disproportionate to the bulk of rhyme. Some of the best sea songs have been written by landsmen, and one great cause of their being so, is their comparative freedom from perplexing technicalities ; for though a characteristic phrase may occasionally impart life and spirit to a production, yet a technicality, whether in marine or agricultural poetry, is a sore stumbling-block to the uninitiated. Now every line (or plank) of three-fourths of your nautical melodies is calked with them, independently of containing a much larger infusion of tar than tenderness—of pitch

than pathos. They abound, likewise, in an inordinate degree, in descriptions of tornadoes, and discharges of artillery—in slaughter and sudden death; and the sentiments correspond thereunto, being as rough as a hawser, and as boisterous as a north-wester. Though admirably adapted to be growled out by the boatswain when the vessel is scudding under double-reefed topsails, they would on land, and in a room, go off like a discharge of musketry. But, worse than all, is the minuteness of detail—the distressing particularity which ever pervades them. They are mere paraphrases of the log-book; and the due course and reckoning of the ship is most especially insisted on—

“ That time bound straight for Portugal,
Right fore and aft we bore ;
But when we made Cape Ortugal,
A gale blew off the shore,” &c.

Yet, after all, there are some noble things in this branch of the “ service,” amply sufficient to redeem it from dislike. Who is there that has not held his breath when he has heard a rich, deep-toned voice, commence Gay’s glorious ballad

“ All in the Downs the fleet lay moor’d ;
The streamers waving in the wind !”

and listened throughout, with a quickened pulse, to

that "plain unvarnished tale" of humble love and tenderness. There is much, too, to please any man, who is not over and above fastidious, in dozens of Dibdin's vigorous and hearty sketches of a sailor's hardships and enjoyments, to say nothing of Pearce and others of inferior note ; but from your regular fore-castle narratives, Apollo deliver us !

Things called "comic songs," to wit, "Four and twenty tailors all in a row," &c., are, in my mind, striking exemplifications of the depth of debasement of which the human intellect is susceptible.

In whatever way America is, or may become renowned, she will probably never be a land of song ; and for two or three reasons. There are already a sufficiency of standard songs in the world to answer all purposes ; and she has imported an ample sufficiency to supply the varied tastes and caprices of her musical population. Moore's Melodies are as common in the cities of the west as in their native land ; and those of Burns are no rarity. The geography of the country, too, is strikingly unfavorable for indigenous song. Nature has created the land in one of her most liberal and magnificent moods, and formed its features on a scale of grandeur that is impossible to grasp in this kind of writing. The ocean-lakes—the mighty rivers—the interminable forests—the boundless prairies, are all

epic rather than lyrical. How would it sound, either for rhyme or reason,

“ On the shores of Mississippi,
When the sweet spring-time did fall !”

The idea suggested is too vast. There is no snug endearing locality about such scenes ; and as for “ the sweet spring time,” it *never* “ falls” on a great proportion of the shores of rivers whose waters rise far towards the regions of eternal winter, and roll through every variety of climate, to those of everlasting summer ; while the smaller streams, which correspond in size to the “ Nith,” the “ Dee” or “ Bonnie Doon,” are ruined by the general appellation of “ crik” (creek), which is bestowed upon them ; and to which some such euphonious title as Big Elk, Buffalo, or Otter, is usually prefixed. Besides, America is not rich in recollections of the past. No castles, grim, hoary and dilapidated, frown upon her heights : no gorgeous abbeys moulder in her verdant vales. The joys, and sorrows, and sufferings of humanity are, as yet, scarcely impressed upon her soil. She has no records of feudal strife, of faded greatness, and fond affection — of all tradition loves, and song delights in. Hope must, in some degree, be to her poets what memory is to those of older lands. But the mind of

the song-writer is reminiscent—not anticipative; and therefore it is, that with whatever species of fame and greatness America may enrich her brows, it is probable she will never, in one sense, be “worth an old song.”

MORALITY—HORSE RACING.

THERE is a kind of people who, instead of finding

“Sermons in stones, and good in every thing,”

are gifted by nature with a peculiar quickness in perceiving and detecting vice and wickedness in every variety of form and complexion. They have an aptitude in raking and scraping together all the bad which is generally mixed up with worldly pursuits and amusements, and of overlooking whatever of good may be mingled therewith. Whether this intimate acquaintance with evil habits and feelings—this familiarity with the obliquities of human nature, is to be accounted for upon the principle embodied in the shrewd proverb of “set a thief to catch a thief,” ought to be left to people more charitable in their constructions than themselves, or the verdict would not be at all flattering. The worst of the matter is, they claim this sharp

perception of the vile and vicious as a sort of merit, and account it pure stern morality harshly to censure what they dislike in the conduct of others. They take a one-sided view of all things, try them according to their own standard of propriety, and so decide that they are altogether right or altogether wrong: they cannot bring themselves to see that "the web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together," that "our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues." This is rather too reasonable and philosophical a view of the question for them, and in reason and philosophy they profess to place but little faith. These infallible personages have seen or heard that there are such things as foolishness and frivolity in ball rooms, and therefore, without taking into account the innocent mirth and harmless gaiety which there predominate, they set down balls as very foolish and frivolous affairs; they have seen or heard that there are specks of immorality and dissoluteness to be met with in a theatre, and therefore set down a theatre as a concentration of all that is dissolute and immoral; they have seen or heard that blacklegs, vagabonds, sharpers, &c. attend race courses, and therefore set down all that go as blacklegs, vagabonds, or sharpers. They are

great generalizers, and account a man who stands and looks at one full-blooded horse running against another as a species of monster, incapable of discharging the moral and social duties of society.

There has always been a particularly large quantity of cant abroad on the subject of morality; and the foundation of it appears to be laid in an erroneous belief of the extreme susceptibility of human nature to impressions of either good or evil. Men's morals, like their constitutions, are more permanent and durable than is frequently imagined, and neither so easily destroyed or mended as mental or medical hypochondriacs would have us believe. A man beholds a discreditable action or hears a questionable speech, and is no worse for it; or he sees a virtuous action and listens to a lecture containing the most excellent advice, and is no better for it. This is the case ninety-nine times out of a hundred; and it takes a long familiarity with either good or evil to make a permanent impression on one with any pretensions to stability of character. Nothing can be more childish than to hear the advocates or opponents of the stage, for instance, endeavor to settle its general tendency by picking out little speeches and sentences either for or against morality; and the mistakes to which this habit of looking at details and neglecting the sum total have

given rise, are very curious. Many a play, like a man, has acquired a good character by sounding words and lip-professions only. An author will make a well-meaning peer or potentate declaim upon vice or virtue in the abstract, or in cases far removed from common life and every-day occurrences, and gain much credit for the excellent tendency of his drama ; while Gay's " Beggar's Opera," which exposes in plain language the disgusting selfishness and utter want of feeling and principle in characters and amid scenes which take place under our very noses, has been more than once hissed off the stage for its *immorality* ! So much for consistency.

For my own part I always loved horse-racing, and even when a child, and the qualities of horses were totally unknown to me, exhibited an incipient propensity for betting by making tiny wagers on the colors of the riders. Since that I have seen many a race, and never found my health, morals, or temper any the worse for so doing. It is a fine sight at all times to look upon a good horse ; but to see one of the noblest of a noble species led on to the race-course previous to starting, his polished skin glancing and glistening in the sun as he moves gracefully along, is as glorious a picture of animated nature as a poet or painter would wish

to behold. What fire and expression in his eye ! what a union of strength and beauty in his finely moulded limbs ! How light and elastic his step—it seems as if it would scarcely crush the young grass on which he treads. And then to see him matched with another, or others, like himself—The anxiety you feel about the fairness of the start—the quickened pulse and rapid circulation of the blood during the race, and the all-absorbing interest of the final struggle, are indescribable, and I am sorry for those who have never experienced them. But then, cry your moralists, this occasions betting, and betting is gambling. Such a consequence by no means follows ; but admit it for the sake of argument. What is this to the gambling that is carried on on 'change, or other high places of Mammon ? Is not the cotton trade gambling ? Are not manufacturing speculations gambling ? And is not the banking system gambling, or something worse ? Yet who ever hears of the immorality of those grave concerns ? And as for betting, men will bet on some subject or other, and a horse-race is perhaps the very best thing they can exercise their talents upon.

“ Most people, till by losing rendered sager,
Will back their own opinions by a wager,”

is true enough, and accordingly men bet on all things—on the death or marriage of their friends—on the election of their magistrates—on their own weight, height, or circumference, or the weight, height, or circumference of their neighbors. Then again the consistency of some very good people who look with horror on the betting of a dollar whether one horse runs faster than another, yet who I know invest large sums in lottery experiments—the worst, because the most foolish species of gambling. But the truth is, the world is made up of people who, as Butler says,

“Compound for sins they feel inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.”

A volume composed of the lives or anecdotes of celebrated race horses would be an interesting study to the naturalist, the physiognomist, the craniologist, and the philosopher. A race-horse is an intelligent being, and not a mere machine urged forward by a man upon its back. Some of them are as capricious and fanciful as a fine lady, and some as obstinate and self-willed as a doctor of laws; while others again are equally as sensible and knowing as those who bestride them; and from natural good sense, and long and extensive expe-

rience, acquire a fund of practical information and intelligence on racing subjects. In numerous qualities, not only physical but mental, they are infinitely superior to many a biped, whose memoirs are frequently obtruded upon the public in two volumes octavo; and I have somewhere read an epitaph on one, which shows that I am not alone in my friendly feelings towards these high-spirited animals.

“ Here lies entombed beneath this heap of earth,
A gallant horse—whose ancestry or birth,
Though proud, swells not his eulogy : he shone
With genuine worth and virtues all his own.
His generous spirit, that with high disdain
Brook’d not the chiding spur, obey’d the rein :
Meek in his might, though wrong’d, he scorned to deal
Vindictive death-blows from his noble heel ;
Sometimes with tame and drooping neck conveyed
The tottering infant or the trembling maid ;
With dumb regard his bounteous master viewed,
And told in looks his honest gratitude.
But when the horn’s shrill challenge waked the wood,
With ears erect and quivering limbs he stood ;
Forward he flew, the vulgar steeds aloof,
The champaign rung beneath his bounding hoof !
Nor cliffs nor chasms his daring course restrain,
And mountains rise and torrents roar in vain.
Sunk is the arch of that aspiring crest,
The mane’s proud streamers and the panting breast ;
Mangled and mould’ring in one shapeless heap,
Those flashing eyes and thundering nostrils sleep.
Reader, whoe’er thou art, whose manly mind
Bleeds o’er the ashes of thy mortal kind,
Spare but one drop from pity’s generous source,
Nor blush to shed it for my gallant horse.”

EATING.

—————He had not dined ;
The veins unfilled, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive ; but, when we have stuffed
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts.—*Shaks.*

VERY true : and if old Menenius did not succeed in his application to the inflexible Roman to spare his country, it was not for want of a correct knowledge of the acerbity produced by an empty stomach, and the mollifying effects of good victuals upon the temper ; at the same time it presents strange and mortifying images to the mind of the littleness of human nature, and the insignificant causes which are not unfrequently the mainspring of mighty events. “He had not dined,” reasons the old man ; and to the degree of flatulency and acidity produced in Coriolanus’s stomach by his not having done so, Menenius ascribes his rejection of

the prayers of the grave senators and virgins to save immortal Rome. It may be that he was right ; and perhaps the fate of the eternal city depended materially upon as mean a thing as Tullus Aufidius's cook ! “ So runs the world away.” But the truth is, since the days of Adam, eating has never been, for any length of time, out of fashion ; and though abstemiousness is allowed by many to be a virtue, it is one that has been always more praised than practised. For my own part, I think it is rather an unamiable weakness—a phantom which haunts the imagination of nervous people, valetudinarians, and such as are continually scheming how to spin out the thread of a miserable existence after all their capabilities for pleasure and enjoyment have passed away. Besides, it is strenuously recommended by physicians, and is therefore to be distrusted, for no man perseveringly labors against his own interest. Moreover, if the looks and tables of our worthy New-York M. D.'s are to be taken as a criterion, it is quite evident that, however they may enforce abstemiousness upon others, “ they never set it up to fright themselves.” This is, to say the least, suspicious ; and I for one conscientiously believe, that if ever water-gruels, weak broths, or vegetable diet comes into fashion, the human species will soon fade away from the face

of the earth—that living skeletons will be no rarity, and a man of one hundred pounds a monster of corpulency—that the poor old world will fall into an atrophy, and that some future Calvin Edson, divested of his superfluous flesh, will personify Campbell's "last man!"

In literature, eating has always cut a conspicuous figure. The old dramatists are filled with soul, or rather, stomach-felt descriptions of rich luscious feasts; and though in those days a Ude or a Kitchiner had not enlightened the world by his wonderful discoveries, our ancestors were luxurious rogues notwithstanding. Only see with what unction Ben Jonson makes one of his characters sum up now unheard-of dishes:

"I'll have

The tongues of carps, dormice, and camel's heels
Boiled in the spirits of Sol, and dissolved pearl,
Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsy;
My footboys shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons,
Knots, godwits, lampreys; I myself will have
The beards of barbels served instead of salads;
Oiled mushrooms," &c.

and Fielding and Smollett's heroes are good for nothing without their dinner; they must have solid meat and strong drink to invigorate and stimulate them for either war or courtship. Feed them well, or they disgrace themselves—make love

in a very awkward and insipid manner, and are apt to have their courage called in question.

After this, came the terrific style of writing, of which Mrs. Radcliffe was the head, and indeed, almost the only one worth reading. Novels at this time were so filled with trap-doors, dungeons, secret stair-cases, winding galleries, subterraneous passages, shrieks, and midnight assassinations, that it is presumed these horrors entirely took away the appetites of the persons concerned, for no mention is made of eating, though from the frequent allusions to "measures of wine" and "reviving cordials," there is every reason to believe that the heroes and heroines were addicted to hard-drinking, which habit is bad enough at any time, but particularly hurtful when indulged without a reasonable portion of food, as it speedily destroys the coats of the stomach, and induces a long train of dreadful disorders. Fair and amiable, therefore, as these heroes and heroines unquestionably were, they doubtless ultimately fell victims to the horrid vice of intemperance, notwithstanding the strength of their constitutions, which, it must be admitted, was extraordinary. From all that ever I could make out in these romances, the ladies, though described as fair and fragile beings, whom a summer wind would inevitably pulverize—a compound

of unimaginable perfections and spiritual essences in white muslin—were able, according to the author, to endure more hardships and privations than a Highland drover, a North American Indian, or a Swedish soldier in Charles the Twelfth's time, and, like a Greenland bear, possessed wonderful capabilities for supporting nature for a long period without nutriment. In my unripe years, when devouring the delectable pages of Anne of Swansea, or Francis Latham, the gifted author of "Midnight Horrors," and the "Black Forest," often have I marvelled when the young lady, who was confined in an uninhabited part of the castle, and had refused victuals for several days, was going to take her dinner. I used to reckon up how long it was since she had eaten any thing, and draw conclusions from my own feelings, and this it was that first staggered my young faith in the truth of novels. When I had made calculations that she must be nearly starved to death, I found in the next chapter the old story over again—"an aged domestic entered and placed food before Almeira, from which she turned with loathing, and lost in a sense of her unparalleled situation, continued totally abstracted from all around," &c. Sometimes these heroines absolutely lived for a month on the smell of a boiled chicken; and when their prison doors were at last broken

open, and one expected they would be found to be starved, squalid, miserable-looking wretches, it was simply stated that they “never looked so lovely, confinement having imparted a delicate and melancholy tint to those cheeks which—” &c. As Hamlet says, “there is more in this than natural, if physicians could only find it out.” What an invaluable wife would one of those ladies make for an Irish peasant after his potato crop had failed.

Walter Scott, (heaven bless him!) among his other worthy deeds, has revived the good old practice of eating and drinking upon paper. His personages, one and all, with the single exception of the earl of Glenallen, in the *Antiquary*, who made his dinner of vegetables and water! are capital feeders; they all eat with a relish, and seem to like what is set before them. There is something hearty in this, and persons with good digestions think the better of them for it. Like sensible people, they all do justice to good cheer whenever they meet with it; and really it is enough to give a person an appetite to read the account of honest Dandie Dinmont’s attack on the round of cold beef; Waverley’s breakfast in Donald Bean Lean’s cave, or the description of the savoury stew prepared by Meg Merrilies in the kairn of Dorncleugh, of which the worthy Dominie partakes. It is characteristic

of Shakspeare and Scott that they are fond of introducing familiar occurrences like these amid their most wild and romantic scenes, while feeblers writers are afraid to do so for fear of destroying the effect, or rendering what is already tame or outrageous, ludicrous.

Of late there is a kind of puppyism sprung up in discoursing of eating, first generated by some of the *petit-maitre* correspondents of the New Monthly Magazine. They discourse about the pleasures of the table in a style of superlative affectation, treat all solid joints as relics of ancient barbarism, and all who partake of them as vulgar and John Bullish, learn the names of a dozen or two French dishes, and make a parade of their love of, and familiarity with, soups, slops, stews, and kickshaws, as weak, insipid, and unsubstantial as themselves. Puppyism in writing and dressing is bad enough, but puppyism on so solemn and serious a subject as eating, is carrying the jest a little too far.

ALBUMS.

Ye who in albums are required to write,
Be wise, before you undertake the same ;
Remember that whatever you indite,
Remaineth, to your credit or your shame ;
That you had better leave the paper white,
Than rack your hapless brains with idle aim ;
But, above all things, if the book you take,
Don't wait a year before you bring it back.—*Sands.*

ALBUMS are one of the greatest nuisances of modern times. They waylay you, or rather are laid in your way, in every house in the city, in which a young lady turned thirteen, happens to reside. They are as numerous and tormenting as flies at midsummer, and, like flies at midsummer, the irritating evil cannot be grappled with ; for, in both cases, it is apparently so trivial, that all serious opposition and resistance become mighty ridiculous. Yet human happiness is, for the most part, made up of trifles ; and it is to be feared that the deduction from the sum total, during the ensuing summer

months, on the score of flies and albums, will far exceed that created by anxiety for the temporary welfare of our friends, or our own spiritual concerns. Petty evils and insect troubles frequently vex a person more than substantial grievances. The insignificance of an annoyance gives it a ludicrous character that is very provoking, and frets one to think that he can be so easily fretted. Many a man's nerves are so strung that the tickling of a straw will set him almost crazy ; while a heavy contusion brings him to his senses, and he smiles at the pain it occasions. Suppose, for example, a corpulent, choleric old merchant, preparing to take his after-dinner nap in an easy chair, on a sultry day in August—suppose sleep gently descending on his eyelids, and gradually and deliciously overclouding his faculties—suppose, at this critical moment, a rascally blue-bottle fly effecting his entrance into the room, and commencing to amuse itself by tickling the old gentleman. He hears its ceaseless buzzing in his ears, and anon feels it promenading across his forehead, leaving an intolerable itching wherever it treads. Half asleep and half awake, he impatiently jerks his head, and for a moment puts the enemy to flight ; but it is only for a moment, for scarcely has he composed himself to sleep, when he again feels his friend taking a walk down his

cheek and across his chin ; he instinctively attempts to crush his tormentor, and slaps his own face, while all the time his nerves are acquiring a preternatural irritability. At last, a final attack upon the sensitive organ of smell puts sleep and patience to flight, and he starts from his chair in a highly sublimated degree of rage, chasing the disturber of his peace around the room in a perfect phrenzy. Suppose at this instant the door to open, and the servant to present a letter, informing him of the loss of a richly-laden vessel. He becomes immediately calm and collected. This is a misfortune worth struggling against. He braces himself up for the encounter, and determines to "bear it like a man." Thousands meet death with perfect calmness, but we have high authority that

———"there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently ;
However, they have writ the style of gods,
And made a pish at chance and sufferance."

It is the smallness of the evil, which seems so easily to be got rid of or avoided, but which cannot be got rid of or avoided, that destroys our equanimity ; and, it is upon this ground that albums are afflictions of the first magnitude. The person who first invented them has much to answer for. They and steam-boats are the greatest curses and bles-

sings of the present age ; the one has been productive of as much trouble and inquietude as the other has of comfort and convenience.

A certain gentleman, who takes ten glasses of brandy per diem, justifies himself by saying, that it is not the use but the abuse of stimulants that is hurtful ; and every young lady who keeps an album, at the same time complains that they "are so common." She seems to think that all her sex, excepting herself, are taking liberties to which they are not entitled. A respectable widow in this city has eleven daughters, each of whom maintains an album ; and any unfortunate visitor who is caught fairly within her doors, may think himself lucky if he escape with the loss of five effusions. The senior portion of these misguided young ladies are fast verging towards a state of hopeless single blessedness, I am half inclined to believe merely on account of the cultivation of this pernicious habit. They have frightened away their oldest friends, and no male creature ever ventures within their reach. Indeed, what person in his senses would visit a house where a yard of poetry was required to be paid down as a tribute ? Though not exactly carried on to the same extent, there are few dwellings in New-York into which a person not gifted (or cursed) with a knack of rhyming can safely venture. It

is in vain that a man of an anti-poetical temperament pleads that he "is no poet." "Never mind," cry the fair inexorables, "any thing will do;" though, at the same time, they expect their victim to try his very best. The fearful album is placed before him, he seizes a pen,

"Cold drops of sweat stand on his trembling flesh,"

and in a fit of desperation he "writes himself an ass," for the amusement of all future visitants. Now it is unfair that a man should be violently forced into a state of authorship against his better judgment—heaven knows there are enough and to spare who voluntarily expose themselves, and feel no shame in so doing. To such ought to be left the filling up of these records of folly.

There is much in a name, and "album" has now become a hateful sound; yet the idea is not in itself bad, of a young and intelligent beauty preserving the scattered effusions of genius or memorials of friendship in this form. It is pleasant to see such a book carefully cherished, and shown only as an especial favor to those who may be thought worthy of looking over its treasured pages; but to have innumerable volumes of manuscript scrawls, with which genius and friendship have no connexion, continually thrust upon you—to be

obliged to listen patiently, smilingly, politely, and to profess yourself pleased with the recitation of two or three dozen desperate attempts at poesy—to have the beauties of the several compositions pointed out to you, and to be asked your candid opinion of each, when you dare not for your soul speak an iota of truth—and in the end to be required to add your mite to the collection, “suppose it be only two or three verses,” are very disagreeable indeed, besides the disgrace of the thing; for nine-tenths of the albums are nothing better than discreditable receptacles for disreputable pieces of prose and poetry that cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, ever hope to attain the dignity of print, or be incorporated in a book form in any other shape.

The alarming increase of these plagues has probably arisen from that love of flattery which has been inherent in every man, woman, and child since the fall; particularly, it is said, in women, though on that head there may be reasonable doubts entertained. But certainly in the majority of cases where a young lady requests you to write in her album, it is only a more delicate way of asking to be flattered. If she be pretty, she likes to have it put on record; if not, she well knows that poets never intentionally speak the truth. A per-

son in the album-way, will have abundant opportunities of seeing the justice of this remark. I have in their pages met with the most glowing and outrageous compliments, and have invariably ascertained that they were indited by people as cold-blooded as tortoises ; so true it is that the affectation of passion is ten times as violent and high-sounding as passion itself. One is at present lying before me, a few extracts from which may amuse the reader.

TO DOROTHY SOPHIA ———.

Sweet maid ! upon thy softly pouting lip
The fragrance of nine thousand flowers are strown ;
The bee from thence nectareal dews may sip,
And otto of roses is by far outdone !

Couched in thine eyes one thousand cupids lie,
Singeing their wings among those burning beams
That dart electric fires into each passer by ;
Poor things ! they cannot fly away, it seems !

Would thou wert mine ! ah ! at that daring thought
Tumultuous tumults burst my bursting breast—
No matter—I will soon be where I ought,
The grave will ope, and then I'll be at rest !

ALGERNON AUGUSTUS WILKINSON PRICE.

The following is of a more grave and unhappy character, and the construction of the blank verse is almost equal to that of ———. It displays a fine vein of morbid feeling, and the insignificant parts

of speech with which the lines terminate, have an unostentatious and natural effect :

Well, be it so ! 'tis no consequence, and
 I at last awake from a blissful but
 Most deceitful dream of happiness, which
 Now is flown for ever. I never will by
 Word or look upbraid you, though my peace is
 Totally destroyed, and my heart crushed to
 Shivers. 'Tis the lot of virtue to be
 But half appreciated, and so I
 Scorn to say a single word about my
 Most untoward fate. I soon will be a
 Piece of dull and inanimate clay and
 All will be well ! I've done, but still my
 Last and latest prayer shall be for—no
 Matter—fare thee well ! ROMEO O. HIGGS.

It will be seen how strictly the amiable author of the foregoing has adhered to the only sure and certain rule of making blank verse, that is, being particular in having ten syllables per line. Nothing is easier, and by attending to this simple rule, an auctioneer's advertisement may be taken out of the newspapers, and made into unimpeachable blank verse without any sort of trouble. The manner in which Shakspeare and Milton have occasionally departed from this fundamental principle, is unpardonable. It was my purpose to give twelve or fifteen pages more of extracts, but I defer doing so in consequence of the heat of the weather.

If all, or a portion of the above remarks, should be offensive to the feelings of any lady who keeps an album, I hope she will do me the justice to believe that I certainly meant *hers* to be an exception to these general observations.

CONTENTMENT.

THERE is perhaps no sounder or more generally acknowledged axiom than that the value of a thing is in proportion to its scarcity. This may be one great reason why contentment has found such favor in the eyes of the multitude; every one setting the highest value on what he had not, and indifferent to the praise which might be bestowed upon its virtues and efficacy, so long as he knew his neighbor no richer than himself. Thus it is, that this thing, whose intrinsic value (except in a very limited degree,) is not worth a cent, has, as a regularly be-praised subject, equalled even Shakspeare's Works, Warren's blacking, or La Fayette. Now I mean to say that as far as the share contentment has in the enjoyment a man feels in eating his dinner, smoking his cigar, or, after his daily labor enjoying the comforts of his fire-side, it is a good; but, I also say, that taken in any extended

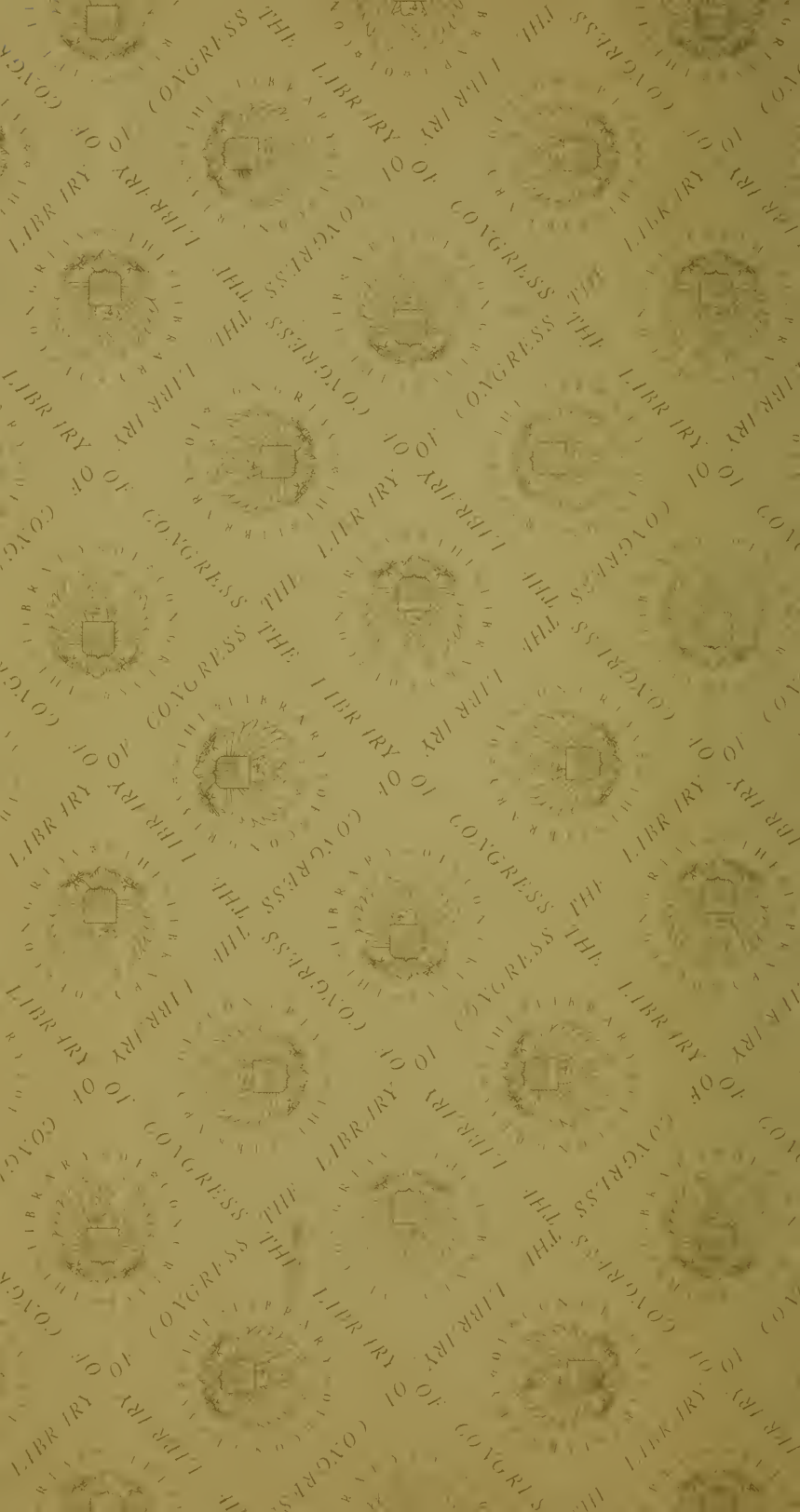
sense, it is an evil of the first magnitude. To be content is to be satisfied—to wish for nothing—to aim at nothing, but to rest satisfied in whatever situation you may be placed. Now look at the world as it exists; you will find little or no such thing, and well it is so. What is it that freights the ships—beautifies the cities—encourages the arts, and promotes the wealth, intelligence, and importance of a free and enterprising nation? Assuredly not contentment. It is a passive principle, and, as such, man can have little sympathy with it. He is an active animal. His pleasures lie not so much in the possession as the pursuit. Is the merchant happier when, quitting the din and bustle of the city, his ships, his freights, and his speculations he hastens to the enjoyment of rural life, purchases a beautiful villa, and looking around him, says within himself “I am content.” Is he so? no such thing! He must still busy himself with the news, the business, and the exchanges; or, let him look at home, every thing is wrong, every thing wants improving—a part of his house is misbuilt—his walks are badly laid out, or a clump of trees spoils his prospect. These are mended, and this gives rise to new wants, and fresh improvements. So he goes on, and dies at last amid all the mighty bustle attendant on the planting of an orchard—

the cutting of a canal, or the building of a greenhouse. Perhaps the best personification of contentment is a fat London Alderman, seated, after a plentiful dinner, in his easy chair—his wine before him—his pipe—his optics half closed, and not an idea in his brain of either past, present, or future. It is rather to be remarked that it is always confined to “fat, gross men.” Contentment and corpulency go hand in hand. There is no analogy between it and leanness. A thin contented man is quite a paradox. Now look at its effects upon human nature. Where is it that all your bold, fiery, active, daring, enterprising spirits are to be found? Is it among your men of bone and muscle, or your men of fat and oil? how many *fat* men are there on record that have ever done a daring deed? Cæsar disliked Cassius for his want of the aldermanic characteristics. “That Cassius is too thin,” he exclaims,—and again, “although I fear him not, would he were fatter.”

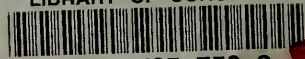
Had Milton been a contented man, think ye the world would have been in possession of *Paradise Lost*. Had Byron been so, would he have written *Childe Harold*? Would a contented man have painted the Cartoons; or, had Columbus been so, would he have been the discoverer of America? No! were contentment to become in any degree

general, its benumbing influence would spread itself over all the active principles of our nature. Can it be supposed that such a lethargic thing and the lofty aspirations of genius could exist in the same person? No! the nonsense of contentment and a cottage is prettier in the pages of poetry than it would be useful in actual life. Look at its effects upon nations. Was the free and fiery Spartan, or the noble Roman, famed for it? Or, to come to modern times, is it not notorious that it is to be found in the greatest degree among the degraded serfs of a Russian autocrat? there is not in the world a more contented class of men, or who have less wish to change their situations than the Russian peasantry. It does and can only exist with ignorance, and where man is free and in possession of his active faculties it flies from him.

END OF VOL. I.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 785 750 2